

GOSPEL HYMN SELECTIONS

FOR
FEMALE
VOICES

N^o. 2

SCC
5091

Benson

49221

31,922

Gospel Hymn Selections

For

Female Voices No. 2.

For

CHURCH CHOIRS, Y. P. SOCIETIES, FEMALE
SEMINARIES, ACADEMIES, Etc.

SELECTED BY

GEO. F. ROSCHE

ARRANGED BY

CHAS. H. GABRIEL

Price 50 Cents.

Per dozen, not prepaid \$5.40.

When ordered to be sent by mail add 36 cents per dozen

Or 3 cents each for postage.

PUBLISHED BY

GEO. F. ROSCHE & CO.

CHICAGO, ILL.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

U. S. A.

Preface

This work has been prepared and published in response to a demand—which has become quite urgent—for a book similar to “Gospel Hymn Selections for Female Voices No. 1,” and it is for the purpose of meeting this demand that this volume GOSPEL HYMN SELECTIONS FOR FEMALE VOICES No. 2 has been prepared and published.

The use of quartets or choruses for voices of women is becoming a recognized factor in church work and we believe that this is due largely to the high grade of usefulness established for “Gospel Hymn Selections for Female Voices No. 1” which has been a “pathfinder” to thousands of congregations throughout the United States and Canada.

The music in this collection should be available in all congregations, Young People’s Societies, Seminaries, etc., in which two sopranos and two altos, able to sing ordinary church music, can be found, because of the fact that high notes—the “bug-a-boo” of the average singer—have been studiously avoided. The music is easy, tuneful, pure and the texts are wholly undenominational in character and will be found available for all forms of worship in the congregations of all creeds believing in Jesus Christ the Savior of mankind.

The hymns and tunes found in this book are mostly those which have stood the test of actual use and have been found of unusual sweetness and life, while the new material has been carefully selected from a large amount of accumulated manuscript: thus assuring a collection of exceptional variety, merit and usefulness. Believing that this work will satisfy the most exacting demand and speak its own praise it is earnestly recommended for the service of the Master.

Chicago, 1909.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL,
GEO. F. ROSCHE.

Gospel Hymn Selections for female Voices.

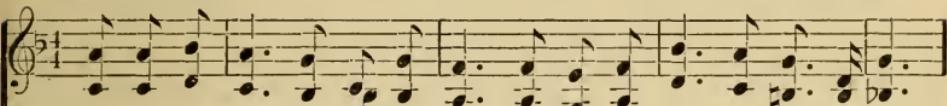
No. 2.

No. 1.

Saved by Grace.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

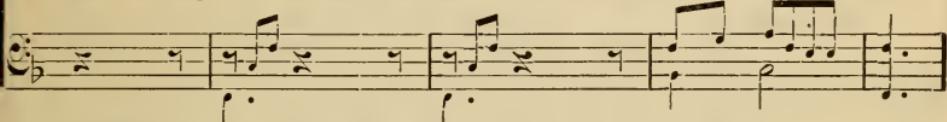
GEO. C. STEBBINS.



1. Some day the sil - ver cord will break, And I no more as now shall sing;
2. Some day my earth-ly house will fall,— I can - not tell how soon 'twill be;
3. Some day when fades the gold-en sun Be-neath the ros - y - tint - ed west,
4. Some day! Till then I'll watch and wait, My lamp all trimmed and burning bright,



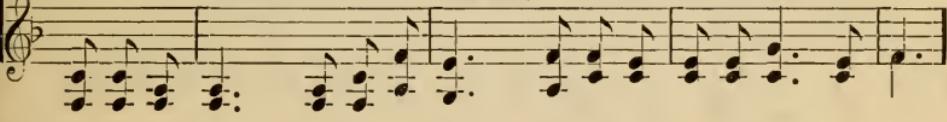
But oh the joy when I shall wake With-in the pal - ace of the King!
But this I know—my All in all Has now a place in heav'n for me!
My blessed Lord shall say: "Well done!" And I shall en-ter in - to rest.
That when my Sav - ior ope's the gate My soul to Him may take its flight.



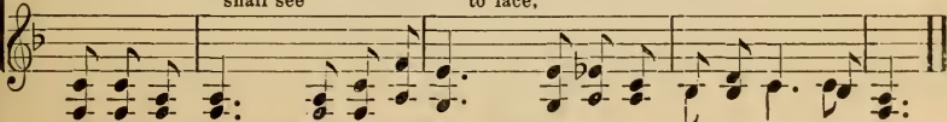
CHORUS.



And I shall see Him face to face, And tell the sto-ry—Sav'd by grace!
 shall see to face.



And I shall see Him face to face, And tell the sto-ry—Sav'd by grace.
 shall see to face.

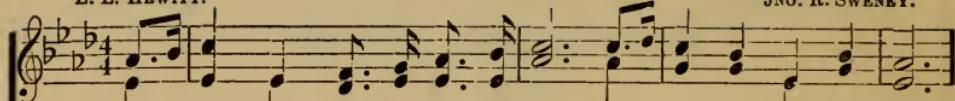


No. 2.

Sunshine in My Soul.

E. E. HEWITT.

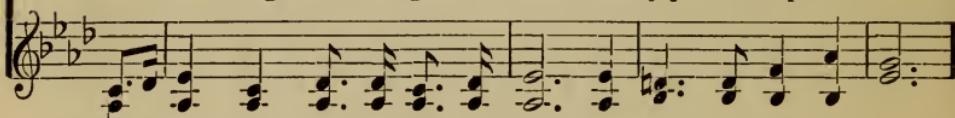
JNO. R. SWEENEY.



1. There's sun - shine in my soul to - day, More glo - ri - ous and bright
2. There's mu - sic in my soul to - day, A car - ol to my King,
3. There's spring-time in my soul to - day, For when the Lord is near,
4. There's glad - ness in my soul to - day, And hope, and praise, and love,



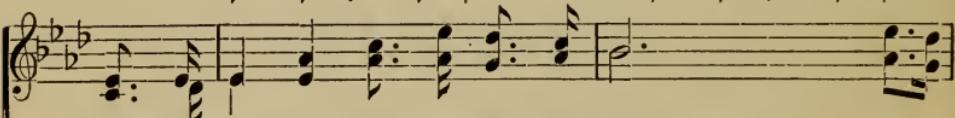
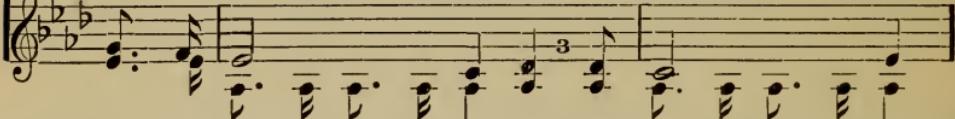
Than glows in an - y earth - ly sky, For Je - sus is my light.
And Je - sus list - en-ing, can hear The songs I can - not sing.
The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flow'rs of grace ap-pear.
For bless - ings which He gives me now, For joy "laid up" a - bove.



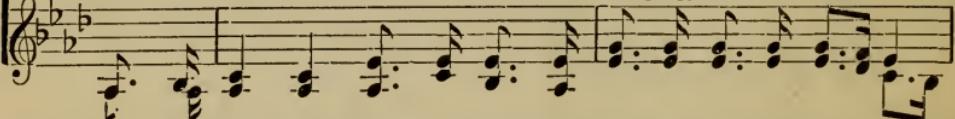
CHORUS.



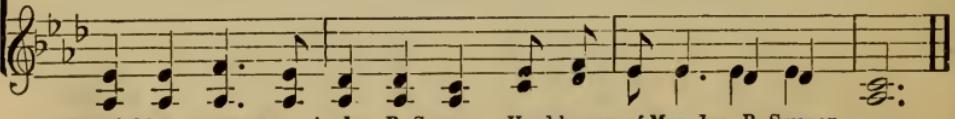
Oh, there's sun - - - shine, Bless - ed sun - - - shine,
sun - shine in the soul, sun - shine in the soul,



While the peace - ful hap - py mo - ments roll; When
hap - py mo - ments roll;



Je - sus shows His smil - ing face, There is sun - shine in the soul.

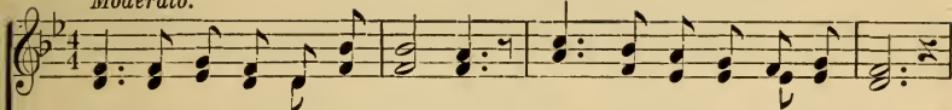


No. 3.

Face to Face.

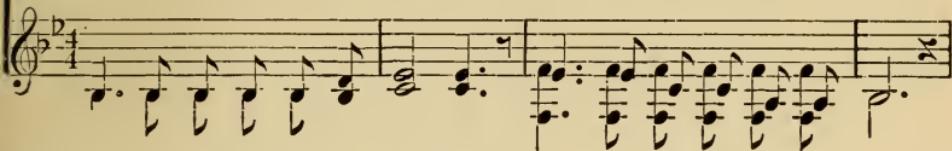
Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

Moderato.

1. Face to face with Christ my Sav-i-or,
2. On - ly faint-ly now I see Him,
3. What re-joic-ing in His pres-ence,
4. Face to face! O, bliss-ful mo-ment!

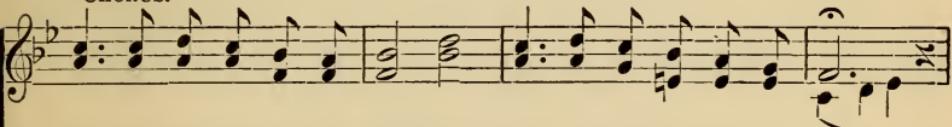
Face to face—what will it be?
With the dark-ling veil be-tween,
When are ban-ished grief and pain;
Face to face—to see and know;



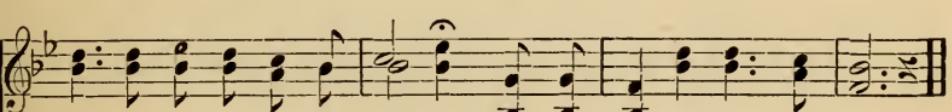
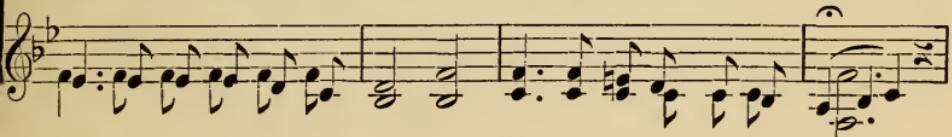
When with rap-ture I be - hold Him, Je - sus Christ who died for me.
But a bless-ed day is com-ing, When His glo - ry shall be seen.
When the crook-ed ways are straightened, And the dark things shall be plain.
Face to face with my Re - deem-er, Je - sus Christ who loves me so.



CHORUS.



Face to face shall I be - hold Him, Far be-yond the star-ry sky;



Face to face in all His glo - ry, I shall see Him by and by!



No. 4.

Pass Me Not.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Dr. W. H. DOANE.

1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - ior, Hear my hum - ble cry;
2. Let me at Thy throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief;
3. Trust-ing on - ly in Thy mer - its, Would I seek Thy face:
4. Thou, the spring of all my com - fort, More than life to me—

While on oth - ers Thou art smil - ing, Do not pass me by.
 Kneel - ing there in deep con - tri - tion, Help my un - be - lief.
 Heal my wounded, bro - ken spir - it, Save me by Thy grace.
 Whom have I on earth be - side Thee? Whom in heav'n but Thee?

REFRAIN.

Sav - ior, Sav - ior, Hear my hum - ble cry:

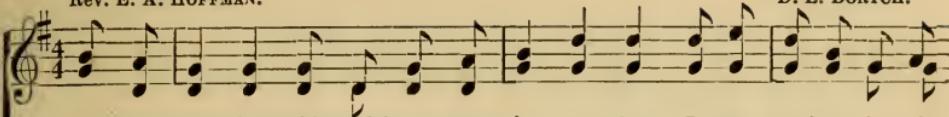
While on oth - ers Thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.

By per.

No. 5. I Am Resting in the Savior's Love.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

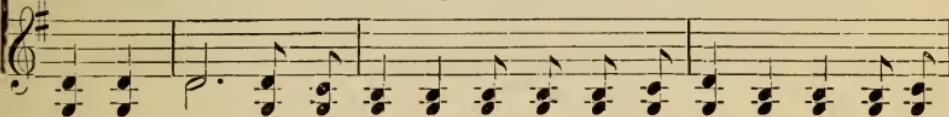
D. E. DORTCH.



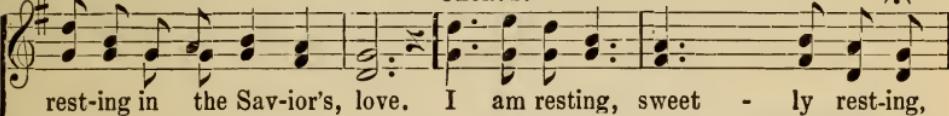
1. Oh, my heart is thrilled with wondrous joy to - day, I am resting in the
2. At the fount-ain o - pened for the soul un - clean, I am resting in the
3. All my doubts are vanished, all my fears are gone, I am resting in the
4. O the peace and rapt-ure! O the wondrous bliss! I am resting in the
5. So I live re - joic - ing in His love each day, I am resting in the



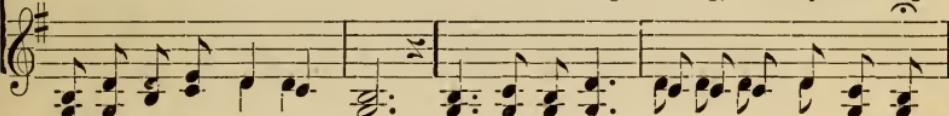
Sav - ior's love; Christ, the Lord, has tak-en all my sins a - way, I am
Sav - ior's love; Trust-ing in his grace I ventured free - ly in, I am
Sav - ior's love; When I trust-ed Je - sus, lo, the work was done! I am
Sav - ior's love; I have nev - er known so pure a joy as this, I am
Sav - ior's love; I am walking with Him in the nar - row way, I am



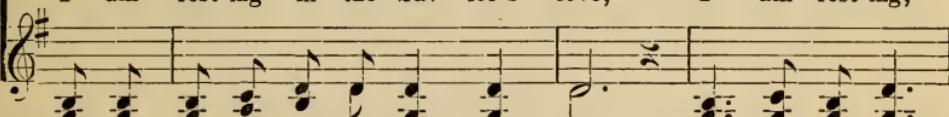
CHORUS.



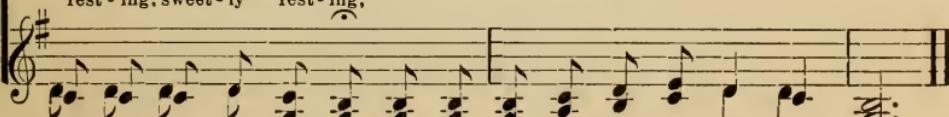
rest-ing in the Sav - ior's, love. I am resting, sweet - ly rest-ing,
I am rest - ing, rest - ing, sweet - ly rest - ing



I am rest-ing in the Sav - ior's love; I am rest-ing,



sweet - ly rest - ing, I am rest-ing in the Sav - ior's love.
rest - ing, sweet - ly rest - ing.

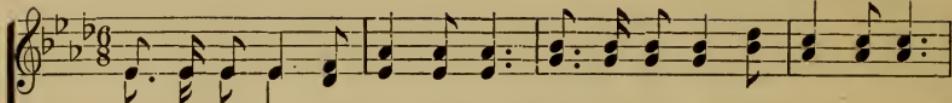


No. 6.

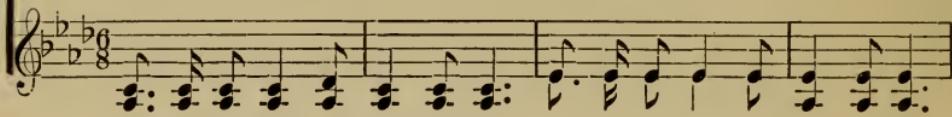
More About Jesus.

E. E. HEWITT.

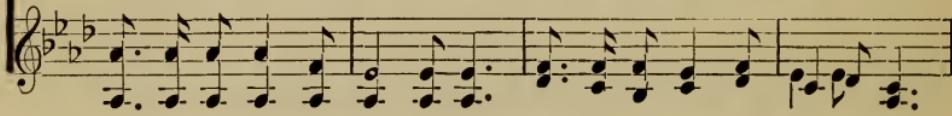
JNO. B. SWEENEY.



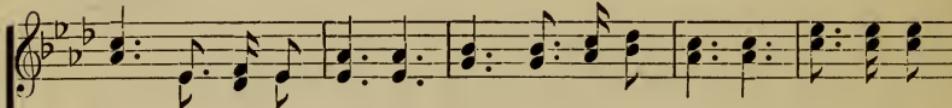
1. More a - bout Je - sus would I know, More of His grace to oth-ers show:
2. More a - bout Je - sus let me learn, More of His ho - ly will dis-cern;
3. More a - bout Je - sus; in His Word, Holding com-munion with my Lord;
4. More a - bout Je - sus; on His throne, Rich-es in glo - ry all His own.



More of His sav - ing full - ness see, More of His love who died for me.
 Spir - it of God my teach - er be, Show-ing the things of Christ to me.
 Hear-ing His voice in ev - 'ry line, Mak-ing each faith-ful say - ing mine.
 More of His kingdom's sure in-crease; More of His com-ing, Prince of peace.



REFRAIN.



More, more a - bout Je - sus, More, more a - bout Je - sus; More of His



sav - ing full - ness see, More of His love who died for me.



No. 7. The Story that Never Grows Old.

JOHN H. YATES.

M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. How dear to my heart is the sto - ry of old, The sto - ry that
2. It came to my heart when, all fet-tered by sin, I sat in the
3. It comes to my soul when the tempter is nigh With snares for my
4. When sor - row is mine, and on pil - lows of stone My ach - ing head
5. When down in the "val - ley and shad-ow of Death," I en - ter the

ev - er is new, The mes - sage that saints of all a - ges have told,
 pris - on of doubt: Like an - gel of old, the glad sto - ry came in
 way-wea - ry feet; It tells of the Rock that is high-er than I,
 seeks for re - pose, This sto - ry brings comfort and peace from the throne,
 gloom of the grave, I'll tell the old sto - ry with life's lat - est breath,

D. S.—*The sto - ry so dear, bring-ing heav - en so near,*

FINE CHORUS.

The mes - sage so ten - der and true.
 And led me tri - umphant-ly out.
 And leads to its bliss - ful re - treat. The sto - ry that nev - er grows
 My des - ert blooms forth like the rose. that
 Of Christ and His pow - er to save.

Sweet sto - ry that nev - er grows old.

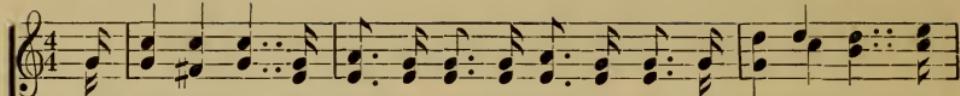
old,..... Tho' o - ver and o - ver 'tis told:.....
 nev - er grows old, 'tis told:

No. 8.

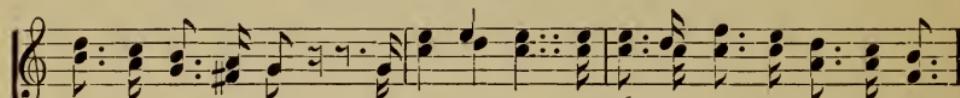
The Fight is On.

Mrs. C. H. M.

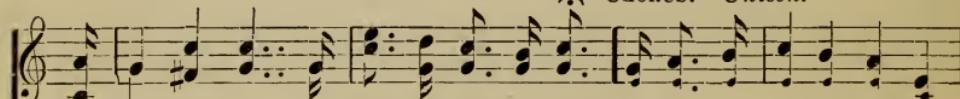
Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



1. The fight is on, the trumpet sound is ring-ing out, The cry "To arms" is
2. The fight is on, a - rouse ye soldiers brave and true; Je - ho - vahleads, and
3. The fight is lead - ing on to cer-tain vic - to - ry, The bow of prom - ise

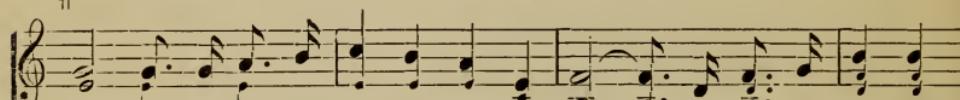


heard a - far and near; The Lord of hosts is march-ing on to vic - to - ry,
vic - t'ry will as - sure; Go buck - le on the arm - or God has giv - en you,
spans the east-ern sky; His glo-rious name in ev - 'ry land shall honored be,

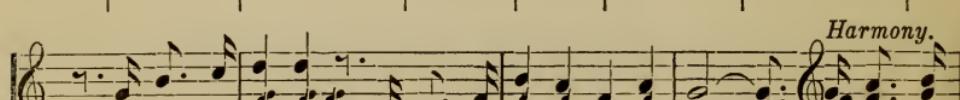
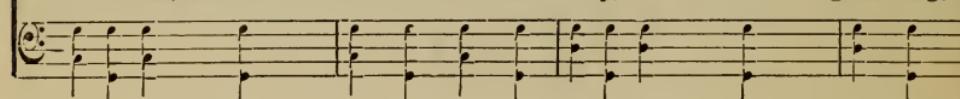
CHORUS. *Unison.*

The tri-umph of the right will soon ap-pear.

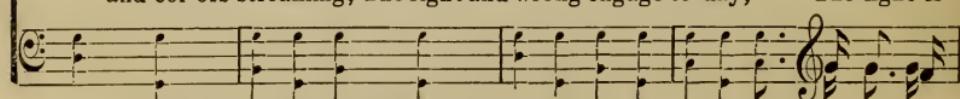
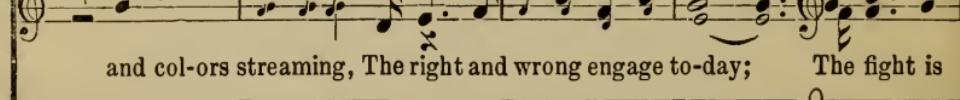
And in His strength un - to the end en-dure. The fight is on, O Chris-tian
The morn will break, the dawn of peace is nigh.



sol - dier, And face to face in stern ar - ray, With arm-or gleam-ing,



and col-ors streaming, The right and wrong engage to-day; The fight is

*Harmony.*

The Fight is On.

Musical score for "The Fight is On." featuring three staves of music. The first two staves are in common time (indicated by a 'C') and the third staff is in 2/4 time (indicated by a '2'). The key signature is common (no sharps or flats). The lyrics are as follows:

on, but be not wea - ry, Be strong and in His might hold fast; If God be
for us, His ban-ner o'er us, We'll sing the vic-tor's song at last.
vic - t'ry, vic - t'ry,

No. 9.

Brown.

Mrs. P. H. BROWN.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Musical score for "Brown." featuring three staves of music. The first two staves are in common time (indicated by a 'C') and the third staff is in 2/4 time (indicated by a '2'). The key signature is common (no sharps or flats). The lyrics are as follows:

1. I love to steal a - while a-way, From ev - 'ry cumb'ring care,
2. I love in sol - i - tude to shed The pen - i - ten-tial tear;
3. I love to think on mer - cies past, And fu - ture good im - plore,

Musical score for "Brown." featuring three staves of music. The first two staves are in common time (indicated by a 'C') and the third staff is in 2/4 time (indicated by a '2'). The key signature is common (no sharps or flats). The lyrics are as follows:

CHO.—*I want to go, I want to go, I want to go there too;*

D. C. Chorus.

Musical score for "Brown." featuring three staves of music. The first two staves are in common time (indicated by a 'C') and the third staff is in 2/4 time (indicated by a '2'). The key signature is common (no sharps or flats). The lyrics are as follows:

And spend the hours of set - ting day In hum-ble, grate-ful pray'r.
And all His prom-is - es to plead, Where none but God can hear.
And all my cares and sor - rows cast On Him whom I a - dore.

Musical score for "Brown." featuring three staves of music. The first two staves are in common time (indicated by a 'C') and the third staff is in 2/4 time (indicated by a '2'). The key signature is common (no sharps or flats). The lyrics are as follows:

Where Je - sus is I want to go, I want to go there too.

No. 10.

Have Faith in God.

E. E. HEWITT.

DUET.

GEO. F. ROSCHE.

1. "Have faith in God," the Savior said: He saw the path that we must tread;
2. Have faith in God tho' clouds a - rise And o - ver-spread the glow-ing skies;
3. Have faith in God: A fa-ther's heart Would to his child all good im - part;
4. Have faith in God: His word di - vine By day and night shall brightly shine,

The frequent thorn, the fading flow'r, The joy or pain of ev-'ry hour.
Tho' sun and stars grow dim and pale, His boundless love shall never fail.
Much more will He regard the pray'r Of those who cast on Him their care.
Un - til we pass the gates of light And faith shall yield to bliss-ful sight.

CHORUS.

The Shepherd's staff, the Shepherd's rod, [Omit
the staff. the rod.

The Shepherd's staff, the Shepherd's rod, [Omit
the staff, the rod.

THE STERN. THE TIDE.

dis-pels our fear; Still leads us on; have faith in God.
our fears; in God.

No. 11.

Great is the Work.

ADA BLENKHORN.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Great is the work we have to do The world for Christ to win;
2. Where bat-tle's din and noise re-sound, The sound of strife must cease;
3. A glo-ri-ous vic-to-ry shall be For those in Christ who trust;
4. Be loy-al then, and strong in heart, Be val-i-ant in the fight,

And we must be both brave and true If we would van-quish sin.
Where death and darkness now a-bound Must shine the light of peace.
They shall be crowned e-ter-nal-ly, And numbered with the just.
And bold-ly hurl each gos-pel dart, And put each foe to flight.

CHORUS.

We'll work for Christ..... at ear-ly morn,..... And never rest till
We'll work for Christ at ear-ly morn, And nev-er,

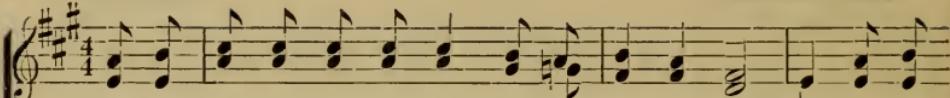
day is done;..... Till all the world..... shall own Him,
nev-er rest till day is done; Till all the world

Lord,..... And ev'-ry heart for Him be won.....
shall own Him, Lord, And ev-'ry heart for Him be won, for Him be won.

No. 12. Under the Banner of Jesus.

L. E. JONES

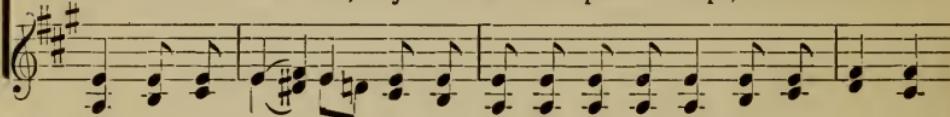
GBANT COLFAX TULLER.



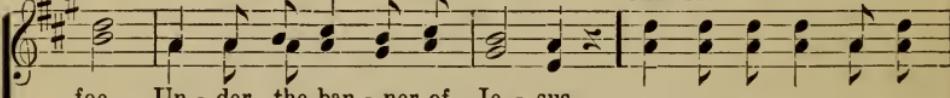
1. On the way that leads a - bove, glad - ly on we go, Un - der the
 2. Sa - tan's hosts are all ar - rayed, yet we need not fear, Un - der the
 3. He will guide our ev - 'ry step, lest from Him we stray, Un - der the



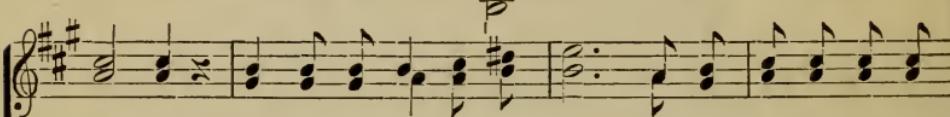
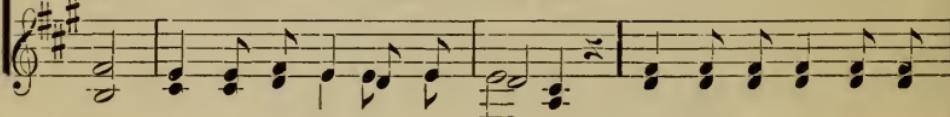
ban - ner of Je - sus; 'Neath the standard of the Lord marching 'gainst the
 ban - ner of Je - sus; For a - long the up-ward way, Christ is ev - er
 ban - ner of Je - sus; By His word and pow - er kept, we shall win the



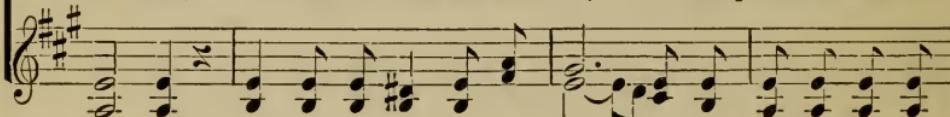
CHORUS.



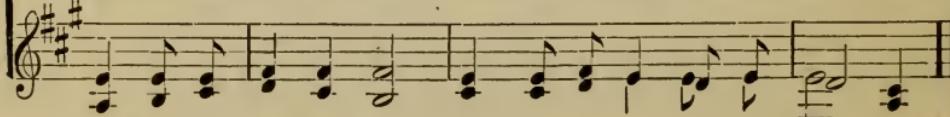
foe, Un - der the ban - ner of Je - sus.
 near, Un - der the ban - ner of Je - sus. Un - der the ban - ner of
 day, Un - der the ban - ner of Je - sus.



Je - sus, Un - der His ban-ner of love, We will praise His name in



song, As we march a - long, Un - der the ban - ner of Je - sus.



No. 13.

Tell it to Jesus.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Tell it to Je - sus,—all of thy sor - row, All of thy cares what-
2. Tell it to Je - sus, He is thy Sav - ior, Tell it, and His sal-
3. Tell it to Je - sus, He is a ref - uge, In - to His arms for

e'er they be; Sure-ly and sweet-ly, He will de - liv - er, He will sus-
va - tion see; Do not de - ny Him, do not de - fy Him, He will sus-
mer-cy flee; Tell it be - liev - ing, tell it, re - ceiv - ing, Grace to sus-

CHORUS.

tain and com-fort thee. Tell it to Je - sus, tell it to Je -
Tell it to Je - sus, Tell it to Je - to

sus, Tell it to Je - sus, He will hear, On - ly believe Him,
Je - sus, Tell it to Je - sus, On - ly be - lieve Him,

trust and re - ceive Him, He will sustain and com - fort thee.
trust and re - ceive Him, He will sus-tain and com - fort thee.

No. 14.

Hiding in the Rock.

BIRDIE BELL.

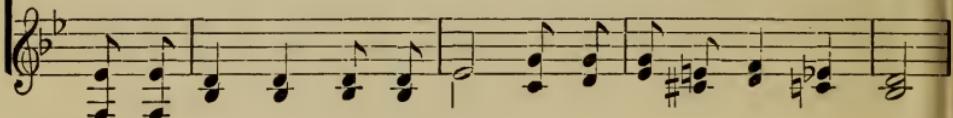
EDWIN MOORE.



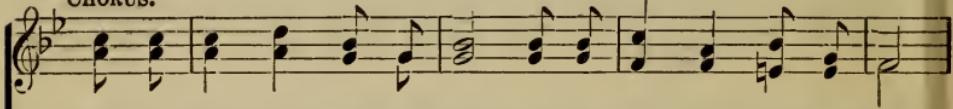
1. Rock e - ter-nal, ref-uge sure, In Thy cleft would I a - bide;
2. From the des-er-t's scor-ching heat To Thy shad-ow cool I flee;
3. Shel-ter in earth's bit-ter trials, Thou hast stood the a-ges' test;
4. Trusting Thee, O might-y Rock, For Thou art my sure de - fence;



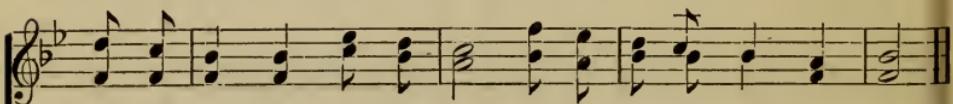
Thou for - ev - er wilt en - dure, Here from dan-ger let me hide.
 Find-ing here a calm re - treat, Ev - er may I hide in Thee.
 From the temp-ter's sub - tle wiles Safe - ly here my soul shall rest.
 Fear-ing neith - er storm nor shock, Nor the darksome pest - i - lence.



CHORUS.



Glo-ri-ous Rock, in. Thee I hide, Thou wilt all my long-ings cure;



Here my soul is sat - is - fied, In Thy cleft from harm se - cure.



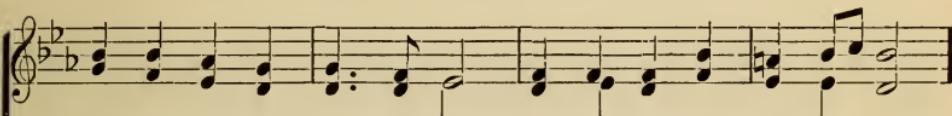
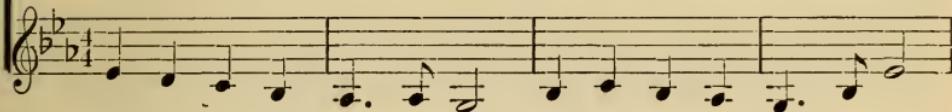
No. 15. I am His, and He is Mine.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

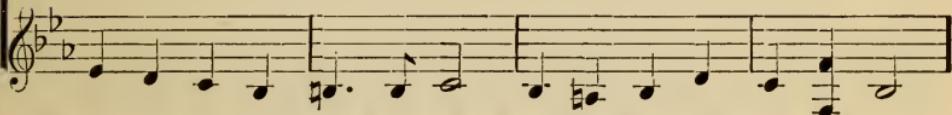
J. P. VANCE.



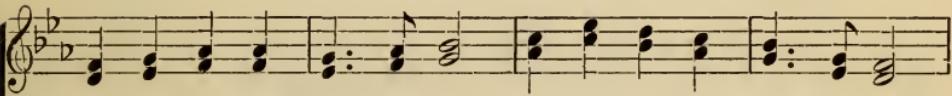
1. Christ the Lord has pur-chased me With His pre-cious blood di-vine;
2. He is near me night and day, In my soul His light doth shine;
3. He is strength and grace to me, I the branch and He the Vine,
4. Tho' I'm tempt-ed oft and tried, Nev-er shall my heart re-pine,



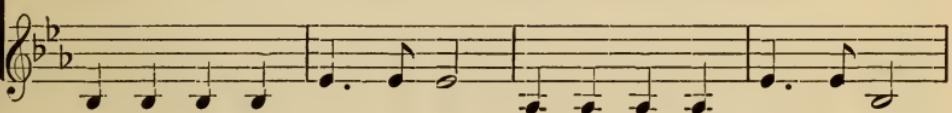
We've a con-tract full and free, I am His and He is mine.
 He will hear me when I pray, I am His and He is mine.
 I a - wait His wise de-cree, I am His and He is mine.
 I will trust my heav'n-ly Guide, I am His and He is mine.



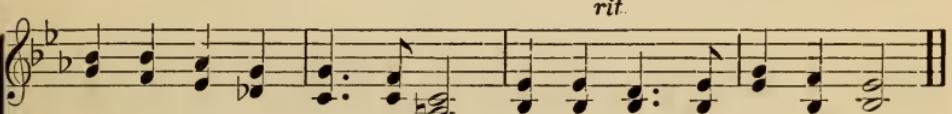
REFRAIN.



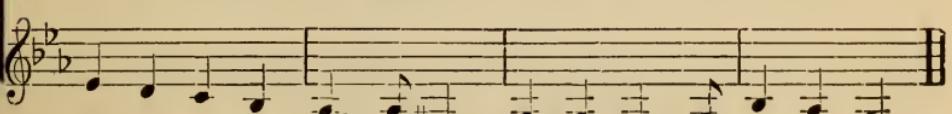
I be-long to Christ a-lone, Ev-'ry i-dol I re-sign;



rit.



He has claimed me for His own, I am His and He is mine.

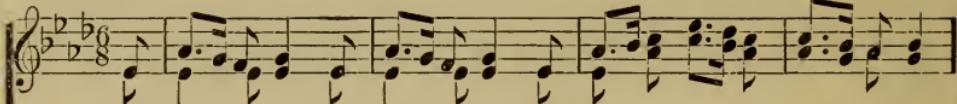


No. 16.

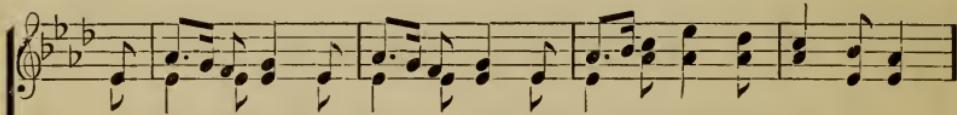
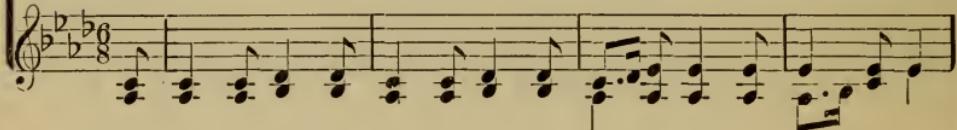
I'll Think of Jesus.

E. E. HEWITT.

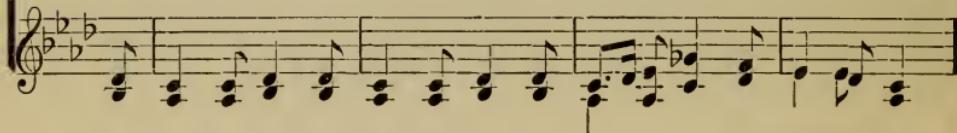
W. A. POST.



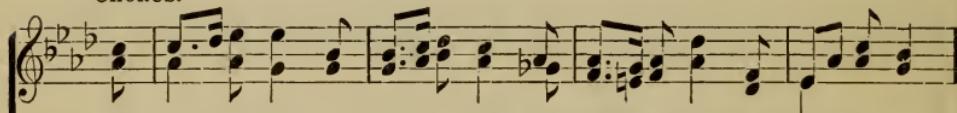
1. I'll think of Je - sus when my way Is bright with joy of sun - ny day;
2. I'll think of Je - sus when the shade Shall dark-ly fall on hill and glade;
3. I'll think of Him when press'd by care, And tho't shall turn to trustful pray'r;
4. I'll think of Je - sus, till at last Earth's rain and shine for me are past;



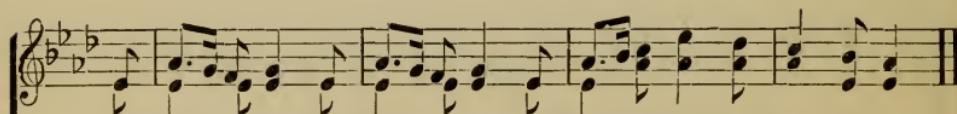
All fair de-lights in Him I see, Proof of His love, His gifts to me.
 His grace, a heav'ly gold - en ray, Shall tinge with rose the som-ber gray.
 My bur - den to His feet I'll bring; Relieved and cheered, His love I'll sing.
 Then face to face, in glo - ry bright, My faith shall yield to bliss - ful sight.



CHORUS.



I'll think of Him who thinks of me, My all in all He still will be;



Sweet med - i-ta - tion! that will bring My heart still clos-er to my King.

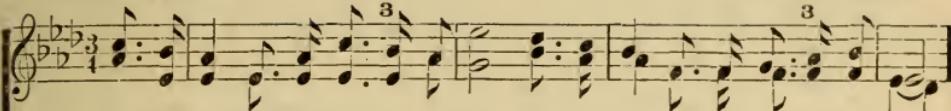


No. 17.

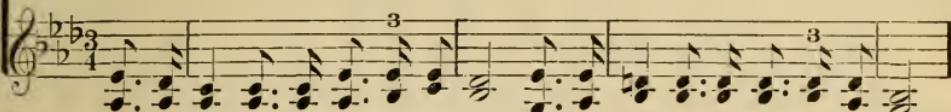
Praise Him Ever.

KATHARYN BACON.

GEO. F. ROSCHE.



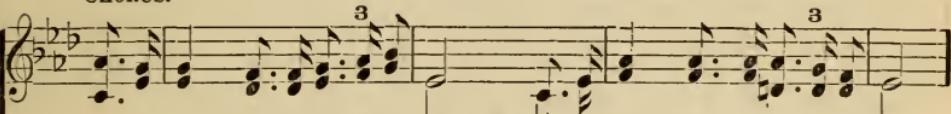
1. Praise Him ev-er, the Sav-i-or and King, Let your voices ex - ult-ing-ly ring;
2. Praise Him ev-er for dy-ing that we From the bondage of sin might be free;
3. Praise Him ev-er, the Father of light, Sending sunshine our lives to make bright.
4. Praise Him ev-er, ex-alt His great name, All His won-der-ful mercies proclaim,



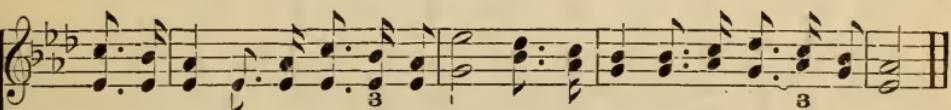
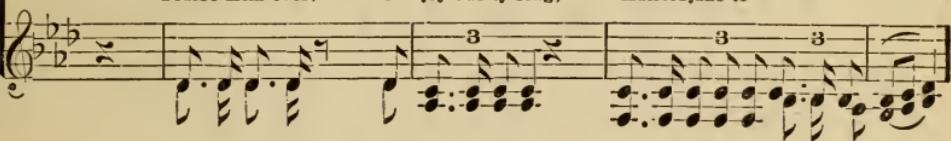
Sing His goodness and tell of His might, Praise Him ever with joy and de-light.
 Praise Him ev-er for blessings and love, Praise Him ever, the Sav-i-or a - bove.
 Sing His praise, His commandments obey, Praise the Lord for-ev - er and aye.
 Let the na-tions His praises prolong, Praise Him, praise Him, in glo-ri-ous song.



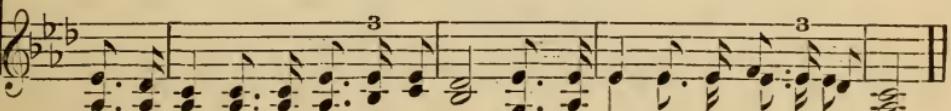
CHORUS.



Praise Him ev - er, O joyously sing, Hal - le - lu - jahs to Jesus our King;
 Praise Him ever. O joy-ous-ly sing, Hallelujahs to



Praise Him ever for pleasures and peace, Praise Him, praise Him, till life here shall cease!



No. 18.

He HIDETH MY SOUL.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. A won - der-ful Sav - ior is Je - sus my Lord, A won - der-ful
 2. A won - der-ful Sav - ior is Je - sus my Lord, He tak - eth my
 3. With num-ber-less bless-ings each mo - ment He crowns, And fill'd with His
 4. When cloth'd in His brightness trans-port - ed I rise To meet Him in



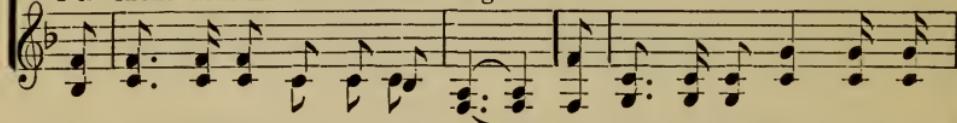
Sav - ior to me, He hid - eth my soul in the cleft of the rock
 bur - den a - way, He hold - eth me up, and I shall not be moved,
 full - ness di - vine, I sing in my rap-ture, O glo - ry to God
 clouds of the sky, His per - fect sal - va-tion, His won - der-ful love,



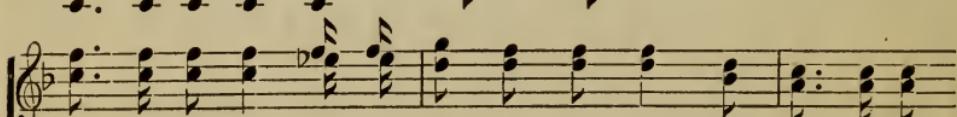
CHORUS.



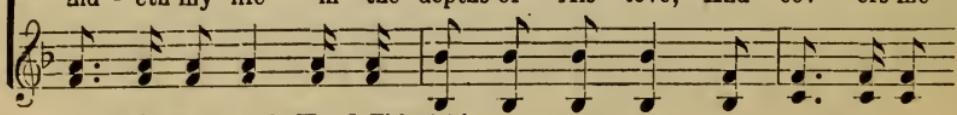
Where riv - ers of pleas-ure I see.
 He giv - eth me strength as my day. He hid - eth my soul in the
 For such a Re - deem-er as mine.
 I'll shout with the millions on high.



cleft of the rock, That shad - ows a dry thirst - y land; He



hid - eth my life in the depths of His love, And cov - ers me



He HIDETH My Soul.

Musical notation for the hymn 'He HIDETH My Soul.' featuring a single melodic line on a staff with various note heads and rests. The music consists of two staves, with the second staff continuing the melody from the first.

No. 19. Sing the Love of Jesus.

Musical notation for the hymn 'Sing the Love of Jesus.' featuring a single melodic line on a staff with various note heads and rests. The music consists of two staves, with the second staff continuing the melody from the first.

1. Sweet-ly sing the love of Je - sus, Love for you and love for me;
2. Soft - ly sing the love of Je - sus, For our hearts are full of tears,
3. Glad - ly sing the love of Je - sus, Let us lean up - on His arm;

Musical notation for the lyrics of 'Sing the Love of Jesus.' featuring a single melodic line on a staff with various note heads and rests. The music consists of two staves, with the second staff continuing the melody from the first.

Heav-en's light is not more cheering, Heav-en's dews are not more free.
When we think how He in sor - row Walk'd this earth for ma - ny years.
If He loves us, what can grieve us? If He keeps us what can harm?

Musical notation for the chorus of 'Sing the Love of Jesus.' featuring a single melodic line on a staff with various note heads and rests. The music consists of two staves, with the second staff continuing the melody from the first.

CHORUS.

Sing the love of Je - sus, Pre - cious, pre - cious love,....
Sing the love of Je - sus, Pre - - cious, pre - cious love,

1. Sweet-ly
2. Soft - ly } sing the love of Je - sus, Pre-cious, pre - cious love.
3. Glad - ly

1. Sweet-ly
2. Soft - ly } sing the love of Je - sus, Pre-cious, pre - cious love.
3. Glad - ly

No. 20.

Songs of Triumph.

Rev. WM. APPEL.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Songs of tri-umph let us sing, Songs of tri - umph to our King;
 2. Hail the ar-my of the Lord, Trust-ing in the Spirit's sword;
 3. On-ward still with shout and song, On-ward, on - ward, mighty throng;

En - e-mies be - fore Him fall, He is vic - tor o - ver all.
 Tho' the gates of hell as-sail, Sure-ly they shall not pre - vail.
 Nev-er fal - ter, nev-er fear, For the Lord of hosts is near.

CHORUS.

Songs of tri - umph, songs of tri - umph, Songs of
 Songs of tri - umph, songs of tri - umph,

tri - umph let us sing; Songs of tri - umph, songs of
 Songs of tri - umph let us sing; Songs of tri - umph,

tri - umph, Songs of tri - umph to our King.
 songs of tri - umph. Songs of tri - umph to our King.

No. 21. Resting in the Arms of Jesus.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

GEO. F. ROSCHE.

1. I have found sweet peace for my storm-toss'd soul,
2. In this bless-ed place I would ev-er stay,
3. Here I gain new strength for the work a-head,
4. So I'll stay right here till the day is done,

Rest-ing in the
Rest-ing in the
Rest-ing in the
Rest-ing in the

arms of Je-sus; I've a safe re-treat tho' the wild waves roll,
arms of Je-sus; For no shad-ow here can my soul dis-may,
arms of Je-sus; Here my Sav-iour gives me the liv-ing bread,
arms of Je-sus; Then I'll cross death's stream with life's set-ting sun,

CHORUS.

Rest-ing in the arms of Je-sus. Rest-ing in the arms of
Rest-ing in the

Je-sus, Rest-ing in the arms of Je-sus; Sweet-est
arms of Je-sus, Rest-ing in the arms of Je-sus;

joy I find, sweet-est peace of mind, Rest-ing in the arms of Je-sus.

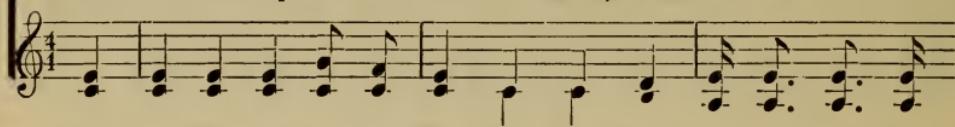
No. 22. There Never was a Friend Like Jesus.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

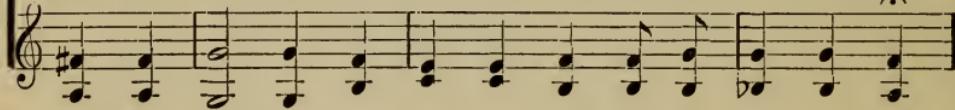
GEO. F. ROSCHE.



1. When man by sin was con-demned to die, There nev - er was a
2. He came to save when the world was lost, There nev - er was a
3. He loved us so, He was cru - ci - fied, There nev - er was a
4. He is the hope of a Chris - tian's soul, There nev - er was a



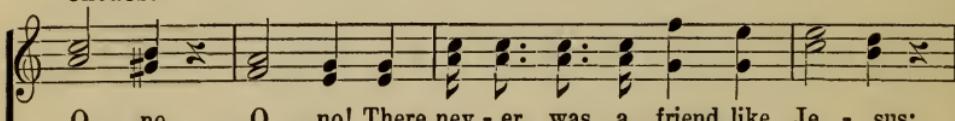
friend like Je - sus; For He came down when He heard man cry,
friend like Je - sus; He ran - somed us at a fear - ful cost,
friend like Je - sus; For sin - ners vile on the cross He died,
friend like Je - sus; So we will sing as the a - ges roll,



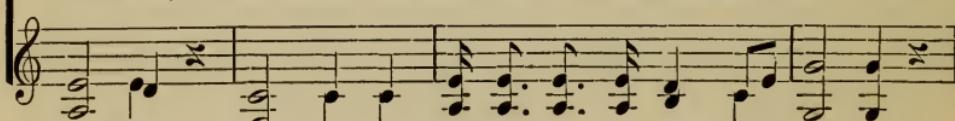
There nev - er was a friend like Je - sus.



CHORUS.



O no, O no! There nev - er was a friend like Je - sus;



O no, O no! There nev - er was a friend like Je - sus.

No. 23.

Glinging to His Promise.

IDA L. REED.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. Cling-ing to His prom-ise, Trust-ing in His word; Ev - er-more I'm
 2. Cling-ing to His prom-ise, Trust-ing more and more, Hid-ing in His
 3. Cling-ing to His prom-ise, Look-ing up to Him, Trust-ing in His

rest-ing, Rest-ing in the Lord. Fol - low-ing His guid-ing,
 shad-ow Till life's storms are o'er. List'ning to His coun-sel,
 guid-ance When the way is dim. Clouds may round me gath-er,

E'er con-tent to be In His love a - bid - ing, Thro' His
 Wait-ing at His feet; E'er His will o - bey - ing; O the
 But they can - not harm; He will keep me safe - ly, Shel-tered

CHORUS.

mer - cy free. hours are sweet. Cling - ing to His prom - ise, Trust-ing day by
 by His arm. Trust - ing

day, Glad-ly I'll go for-ward; Love will light the way.
 day by day,

No. 24.

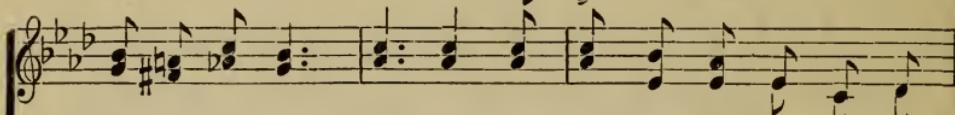
Bright Crowns.

ISAAC NAYLOR.

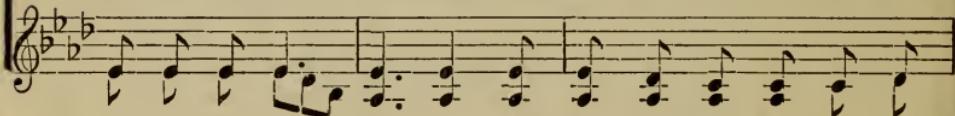
C. H. G.



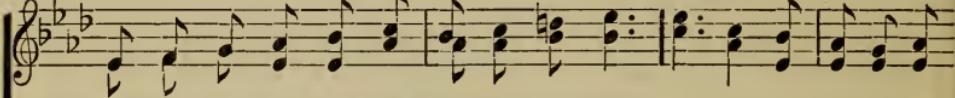
1. Bright crowns in heav-en are shin-ing For those who have conquered in
2. Bright robes re - splen-dent and glo-ri-ous A-dorn - ing the souls of the
3. Bright harps, whose chords are all gold-en, And strung, tuned and struck by the
4. Bright bells of sil - er are ring - ing, Their peals sweetly mingling with



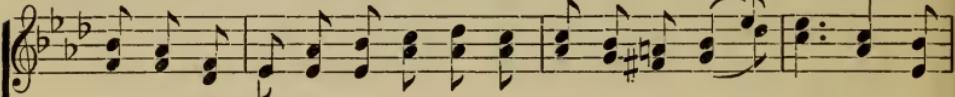
life's bit - ter fight; Green fields where saints are re - clin - ing, And
bright, hap-py band; Loud songs, bright, glad and vic - to - rious, Re-
blood-washed so fair; Sweet notes so soft - ly thro' E - den Are
an - gel - ic song; The saints, made per - fect, are sing - ing A



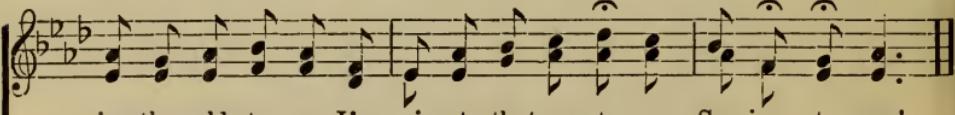
CHORUS.



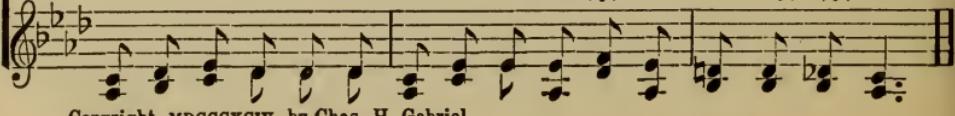
bask-ing, all - glo - rious, in heaven's own light.
sound clear and sweet thro' that beautiful land. Bright crowns they wear up in
borne on the wings of the pure, balm-y air.
song on - ly sung by the sanc - ti-fied throng.



glo-ry, And wave victor's palms on the bright golden shore; I'm going to



sing the old sto - ry, I'm going to that country my Sav-i-or to see!



No. 25.

Some Day, Somewhere.

To my friend, John G. Quinius, Dayton, Ohio.

IRMA B. MATTHEWS.

GEO. F. ROSCHE.

Moderato.

pp

rit.

Duet.

1. Some day the jour-ney will be done, Somewhere we'll find a promised rest;
2. Some day we'll meet our loved and lost, Somewhere in some far brighter land;
3. Some day our Lord will call us home, Somewhere we'll lay our burdens down;

Some day all sor-row turn to joy, Somewhere, some day we shall be blessed.
Some day we'll sing the new, new song, And join with praise an an - gel band.
Some day, if we have faith-ful been, Somewhere we will re-ceive a crown.

CHORUS.

Some day, some day, Some-where, the place we can - not see;

Some day, some day, Some - where the Sav - ior waits for me.

No. 26.

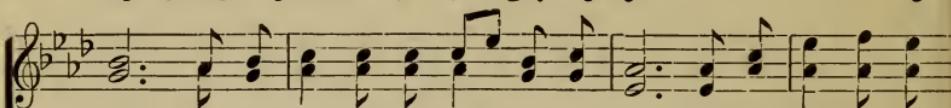
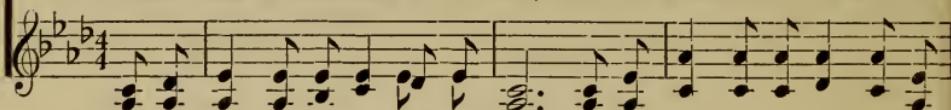
That Beautiful Land.

O. F. PRESBREY.

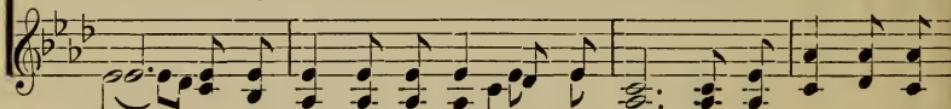
W. G. TOWER.



1. There's a far a-way, beau-ti-ful land, With its mansions so bright and so
 2. I have friends in that beau-ti-ful land, Where no sor-rows or tri-als e'er
 3. I shall sing in that beau-ti-ful land, The new song of re-dem-p-tion and
 4. I shall rest in that beau-ti-ful land, All life's bur-dens and toils will be



fair; And its streets with sweet breezes are fanned; 'Tis the home of the
 come; They will greet me when cross-ing the strand, They are wait-ing to
 love; I shall hear the sweet har-mo-ny grand, As it sweepstho' those
 o'er; With my Sav-i-or for - ev - er shall stand, 'Mid the host on the



CHORUS.



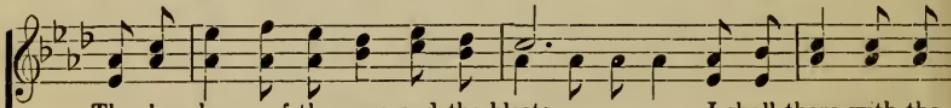
soul o - ver there.

wel-come me home. Oh, that beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful land,

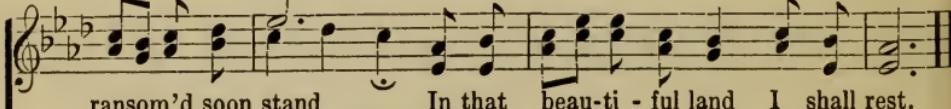
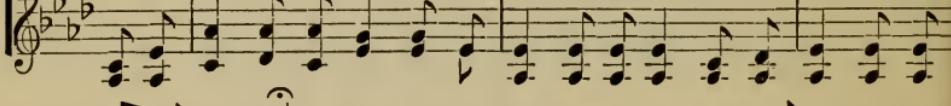
man-sions a - bove.

bless-ed land.

ev - er-green shore.



The dear home of the pure and the blest; I shall there with the
 pure and blest;



ransom'd soon stand In that beau-ti - ful land I shall rest.
 shall stand.



No. 27. Tenderly Jesus is Calling for You.

LILIAN C. NEVINS.
Duet.

GEO. B. NEVIN.



1. Ten-der-ly Je-sus is call-ing for you, Come to the wa-ters of life;
2. Ten-der-ly call-ing so pa-tient He stands, Constant, unchanging and sure;
3. Ten-der-ly call-ing for you He hath died, For you in-ter-ced-eth a-bove; Then
4. Ten-der-ly call-ing thy Savior and Friend, Je-sus, Re-deem-er and Lord; Se-



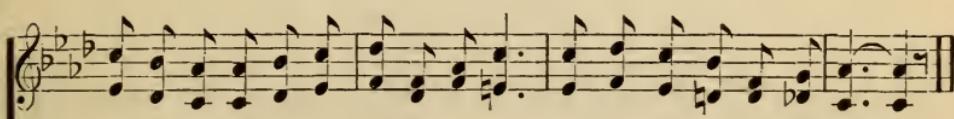
Lov-ing-ly waiting His grace to be-stow—Peace for the tumult and strife.
Ear ev - er o-pen, and mer-ci - ful hands, Heaven for thee to se - cure.
heend the dear voice which calls to His side,Sweet pleading of heavenly love.
cure-ly thy way will keep and de-fend,Thro' faith in His stead-fast word.



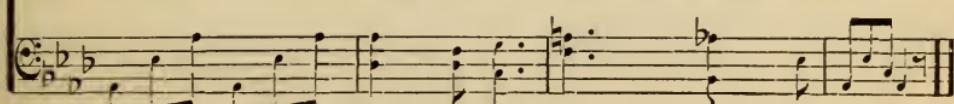
CHORUS.



Je - sus is call-ing for you, Come to the wa-ters of life;



Lov-ing-ly waiting His grace to bestow—Peace,for the tumult and strife.



No. 28.

As the Years Go By.

JAMES ROWE.

GEO. F. ROSCHE.

Moderato.

Duet.

1. Ros-es bloom and bri - ars grow, As the years go by; Hours of sun-shine,
2. Gloom and sunshine, frost and dew, As the years go by; Tri - als fresh and
3. True suc-cess - es, fail - ures sad, As the years go by; Sighs of sad-ness,

days of woe, As the years go by; But the Sav - ior whom we love,
 blessings new, As the years go by; But the pre-cious Lamb who died,
 laughter glad, As the years go by; But dear comrades, faith dis-play,

Watch - es o'er us from a - bove,— He a - lone doth faith-ful prove,
 All your sins and mine to hide, Sweet - ly faith - ful doth a - bide,
 We are near - er home to - day, Bright-er, clear - er grows the way,

QUARTET OR CHORUS.

As the years go by. Praise Him for His constant love, Laud Him for His

As the Years Go By.

watch-ful eye, Send your sweetest songs a-bove, As the years go by.

No. 29. Trust in Jesus, Do not Doubt Him.

IDA L. REED.

EDWIN MOORE.

1. Trust in Je - sus, do not doubt Him, He is a - ble to ful - fill
2. Trust in Je - sus, do not doubt Him, Tho' thy path-way oft may be
3. Trust in Je - sus, do not doubt Him, Un-to Him for safe - ty cling;

Ev - 'ry prom-ise He hath spok - en He is a - ble and He will.
Dark with ma - ny cares and sor-rows, All shall work for good to thee.
Thou shalt find a sure,sweet ref - uge 'Neath the shad-ow of His wing.

CHORUS.

Trust in Je - sus, do not doubt Him, He who might-y is and strong;

He will nev - er-more for - get thee, Lift to Him a hap - py song.

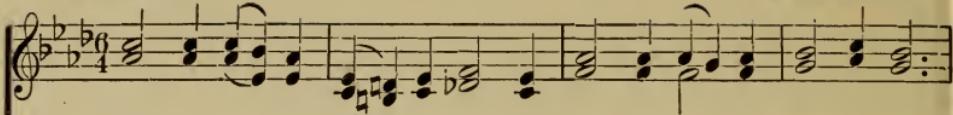
Copyright, MCMIX, by Geo. F. Rosche.

No. 30.

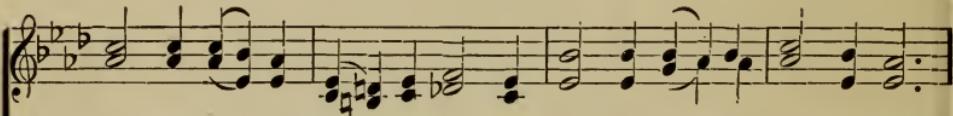
Sweetly Resting.

E. E. HEWITT.

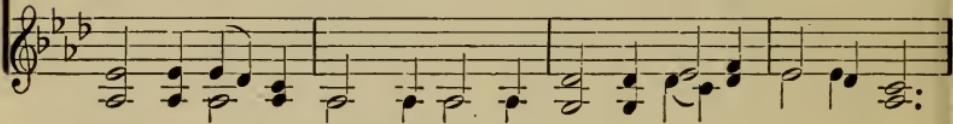
M. L. MCPHAIL.



1. Sweet-ly rest-ing in my Sav - ior, In His wis-dom, love and might;
2. Ev - 'ry care to Him cou-fid - ing, I can lay my bur-dens down;
3. All my life to Him com-mit-ting, Ev - 'ry path may He di - rect;
4. Walk-ing thus in blest com-mun-ion With my Sav-ior and my friend,



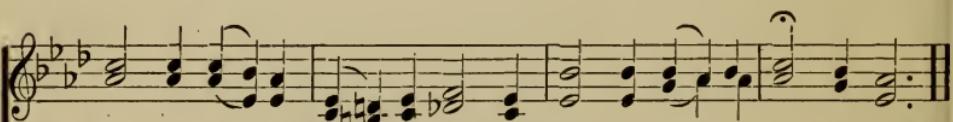
Trust-ing in His gra - cious fa - vor, All the way is grow-ing bright.
 Free to fol - low His blest guid-ing, Free to win the star - ry crown.
 Grant me what His eye sees fit - ting, From all e - vil snares pro-tect.
 Clos - er still the heav'n-ly un - ion, Peace shall all my steps at - tend.



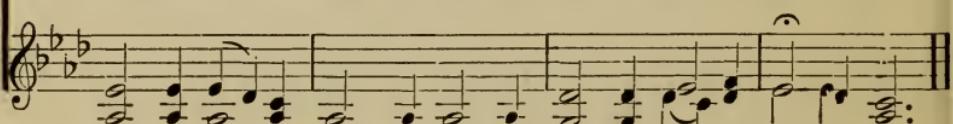
CHORUS.



In His shelt'ring arms I'm hid - ing, Till I cross the swell-ing tide;



Sweet-ly in His love a - bid - ing, Till I see His face a - bove.



No. 31.

The Christian Soldiers.

E. L. A.

Mrs. E. L. ASHFORD.

1. We're sol - diers in the ar - my of the Lord, We march to bat - tle
 2. Tho' foes, a count-less number, fill the land, For God, and truth, and
 3. Our cause is ho - ly, and we fear no foe; Thro' Christ all e - vil

at His ho - ly word; Since Christ, our va-lant Cap - tain, leads us on,
 right we'll no - bly stand; Our trust shall ev - er in our Lead - er be -
 we will o - ver-throw; Then, when the bat - tle's o - ver we shall sing

CHORUS.

The glo - rious vic - to - ry will soon be won.

With Him we'll march a - way to vic - to - ry. As we march, as we
 Ho - san - na in the pres-en-ce of our King. Tramp, tramp,

march, With our ban-ners brightly gleaming in the sun,
 tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp. As we

Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, Soon the glorious vic-t'ry will be won.
 march. as we march.

No. 32. Walking and Talking with Jesus.

Rev. WM. APPEL.

Melody in 2d Alto.

Dr. S. B. JACKSON.

The musical score consists of three staves of music in G major, 8/8 time. The top staff is for the 2d Alto voice, the middle staff is for the Bass, and the bottom staff is for the Piano or Organ accompaniment. The music features eighth-note chords and rests.

1. When the low - ly Je - sus trod the paths of men be - low,
2. You may walk with Him to - day! be - lieve it wea - ry soul,
3. Oh, the joy to walk with Je - sus to our home a - bove,

Continuation of the musical score for the first part of the hymn, showing three staves of music in G major, 8/8 time.

He be - held their bit - ter sor - row, and their crush - ing woe;
He will cause your heart to burn, His words will make you whole;
Bask-ing in the sun - shine of His ev - er - last - ing love;

Continuation of the musical score for the first part of the hymn, showing three staves of music in G major, 8/8 time.

He re - ceived them kind - ly, when they joined Him on the way,
With the smile of His dear face, He'll cheer you on the way,
Oh, the joy to talk with Je - sus in the shad - ow - land,

Continuation of the musical score for the first part of the hymn, showing three staves of music in G major, 8/8 time.

Gra - cious-ly He walked and talked with them from day to day.
Safe - ly He will guide and lead you on from day to day.
And to feel at ev - 'ry turn the touch of His dear hand.

Continuation of the musical score for the first part of the hymn, showing three staves of music in G major, 8/8 time.

CHORUS.

The musical score for the Chorus consists of three staves of music in G major, 8/8 time. The top staff is for the Alto voice, the middle staff is for the Bass, and the bottom staff is for the Piano or Organ accompaniment. The music features eighth-note chords and rests.

Walk-ing and talk-ing with Je - sus, Smoothes the rug - ged way,

Continuation of the musical score for the Chorus, showing three staves of music in G major, 8/8 time.

Walking and Talking with Jesus.

Walking and talk - ing with Je - sus, Brings the light of day;
Walking and talk - ing with Je - sus, Fills the heart with love;
Walking and talk - ing with Je - sus, Is like heav'n a - bove.

No. 33. I'll Live for Him.

C. R. DUNBAR.

1. My life, my love I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God who died for me;
2. I now be - lieve Thou dost re - ceive, For Thou hast died that I may live;
3. O Thou, who died on Cal - va - ry, To save my soul and make me free,

Cho.-I'll live for Him who died for me; How hap - py then my life shall be;

Chorus. D. C.

O may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Sav - ior and my God!
And now hence-forth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav - ior and my God!
I con - se - crate my life to Thee, My Sav - ior and my God!

I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sav - ior and my God!

By permission.

No. 34. I Know That My Redeemer Liveth.

JESSIE H. BROWN.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. I know that my Re - deem-er liv - eth, And on the earth.....
2. I know His prom - ise nev - er fail - eth, The word He speaks,
3. I know my man-sion He pre - par - eth, That where He is.....

And on the earth

a - gain shall stand;
it can not die;
there I may be;

I know e - ter - nal life He
Tho' cru - el death my flesh as-
O won-drous tho't, for me He

a - gain shall stand:

giv - eth, That grace and pow'r..... are in His hand.
sail - eth, Yet I shall see..... Him by and by.
car - eth, And He at last..... will come for me.

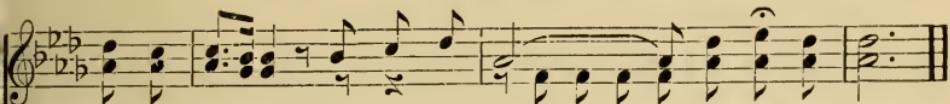
That grace and pow'r

CHORUS.

I know, I know that Je - sus liv - eth,
I know, I know..... that Je - sus liv - eth, And on the

And on the earth a-gain shall strand; I know, I know,..... that
earth a - gain shall stand; I know, I know that

I Know That My Redeemer Liveth.



life He giv-eth, That grace and pow'r..... are in His hand.
That grace and pow'r



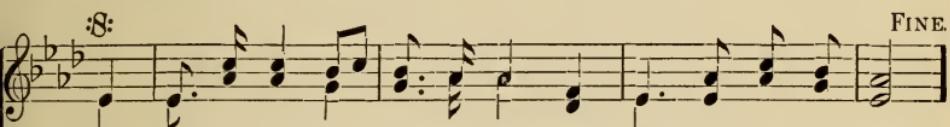
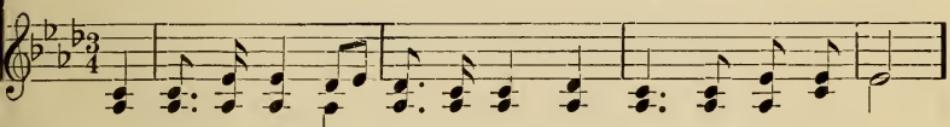
No. 35. Always Show Your Colors.

N. A. MCA.

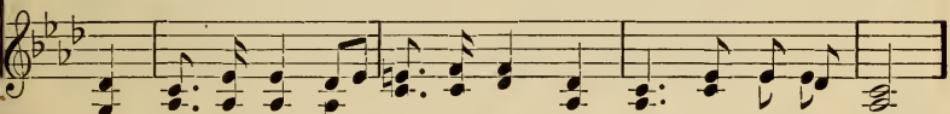
Rev. N. A. McAULEY.



1. Wher-e'er you go be true to Christ, Tho' hosts your way op - pose;
2. What-e'er you do be true to Christ, Tho' some may false ap - pear;
3. When-e'er you speak be true to Christ, Tho' oth - ers si - lent be;
4. What-e'er your lot be true to Christ, His cross in meekness bear;

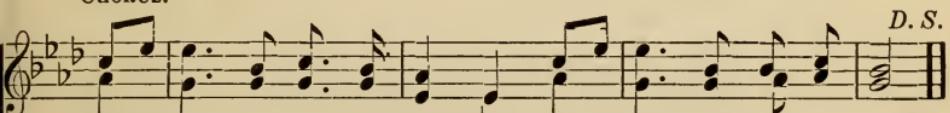


Be loy - al to your liv - ing Head, Press on in spite of foes.
Your deeds will touch the heed-less one, If lov - ing and sin - cere.
Fear not to tell of Him who died On Cal - v'ry's rug-ged tree.
For those who hon - or Him be-low, A crown in heav'n shall wear.



D.S.—Up - hold the ban - ner of the cross, Be true to Christ and right.

CHORUS.



Then al - ways show your col - ors, Keep shield and ar-mor bright,



No. 36. Let Not Your Heart be Troubled.

SUSIE B. THOMPSON.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. "Let not your heart be troub - led!" O Christian, God is true;
2. "Let not your heart be troub - led!" On Christ you do be - lieve;
3. "Let not your heart be troub - led!" Christ is the liv - ing way;

In heav'n are ma - ny man - sions Christ hath pre - pared for you;
The Com-fort - er is giv - en To those His word re - ceive.
The word he here hath spok - en Shall stand e - ter - nal - ly.

For you He hath made read - y A place all bright and fair,
Tho' here a cross, like Je - sus, The child of God may bear,
A "lit - tle while," oh, fear not! The Lord will come a - gain,

Where you may live re - joic - ing, And dwell for - ev - er there.
There's rec - om-pense in heav - en, For crowns of gold are there.
And to Him - self re - ceive you, That with Him you may reign.

CHORUS.

Let not your heart be troub - led,
Let not your heart be troub - led, Neith - er

Let Not Your Heart Be Troubled.

cres. *rit.* *a tempo.*

Nor let it be, nor be a-fraid, Ye be - lieve in the
 let it be a - fraid. Ye be - lieve

Fa - ther, Be - lieve al - so in me.
 in the Fa - ther, Be - lieve al - so in me.

No. 37. The Way of the Cross.

1. I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing, I can hear my Sav - ior call-ing,
2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den,
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him thro' the judgment,
4. He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will give me grace and glo - ry,

D.C.-Where He leads me I will fol - low, Where He leads me I will fol - low,

D. C.

I can hear my Sav - ior call-ing, "Take thy cross and follow, fol - low me."
 I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
 I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
 He will give me grace and glo - ry, And go with me, with me all the way.

Where He leads me I will fol - low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

No. 38.

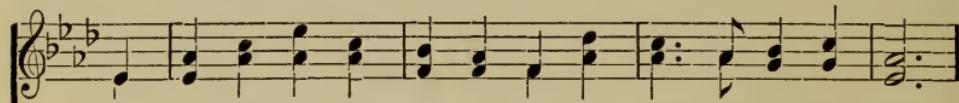
Beautiful Love.

LE R. M.

LE ROY MOORE.



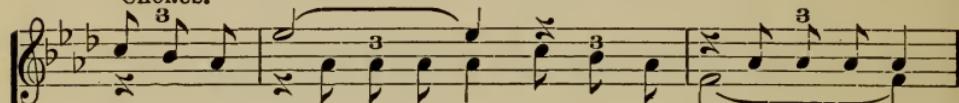
1. My soul, lift up thy voice and sing All glo - ry to His name;
 2. We feel Thy pres-ence, O my God, In all its mag - ic pow'r;
 3. We see Thy light, we hear Thy voice, We glo - ri - fy Thy name;



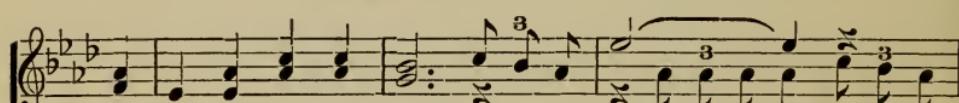
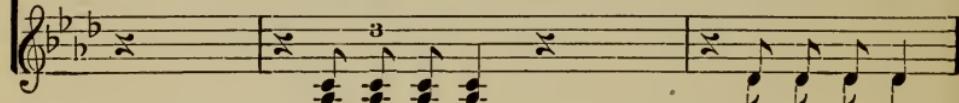
Let all the chil - dren of our God His won-drous love pro - claim.
 It fills our hearts with love di - vine In this in - spir - ing hour.
 May all the na - tions of the earth Thy won - drous love pro-claim.



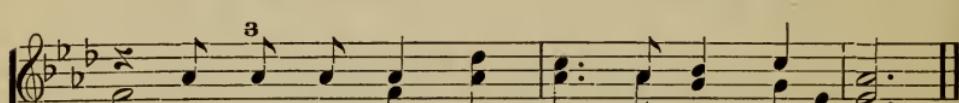
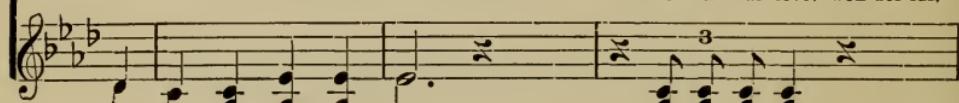
CHORUS.



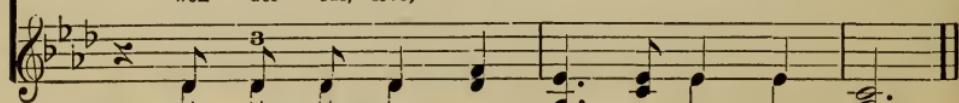
Beau - ti - ful love love.....
 Beau - ti - ful love, won - der - ful, won - der - ful love,



All glo - ry to His name; Beau - ti - ful love Beau - ti - ful love, won - der - ful,



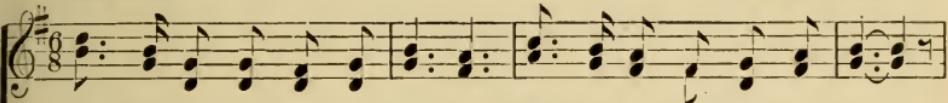
love All glo - ry to His name.
 won - der - ful, love,



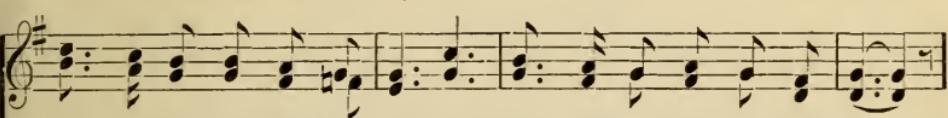
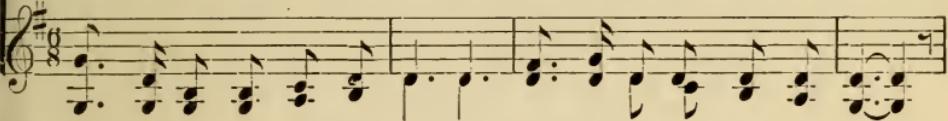
No. 39. Sing the Good Tidings of Mercy.

E. E. HEWITT.

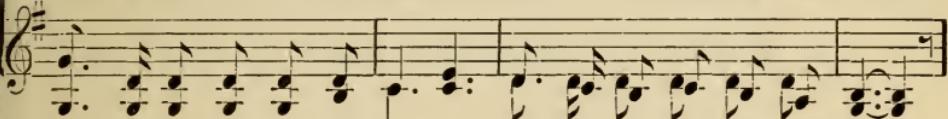
THEO. E. PERKINS.



1. Sing the good ti - dings of mer - cy, Mer - cy a - bound-ing and free;
2. If for His love you are long - ing, If His sal - va - tion you crave,
3. Tho' you are far in the des - ert, Out in the dark-ness and cold,



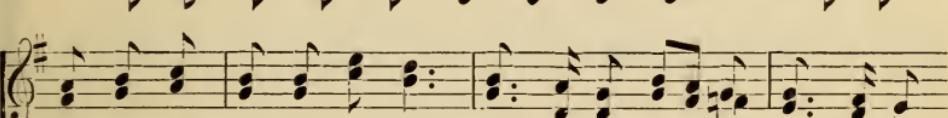
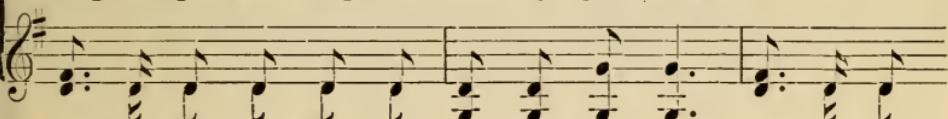
Love that has purchased sal - va - tion, Sav - ing a sin - ner like me.
Come to this won - der - ful Sav - ior, A - ble and will - ing to save.
Call, and the Sav - ior will hear you, Car - ry you home to the fold.



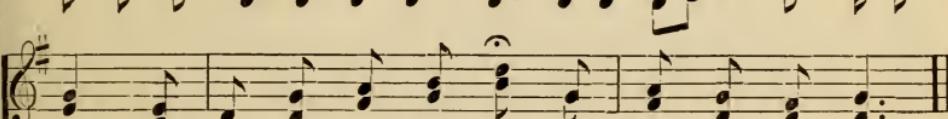
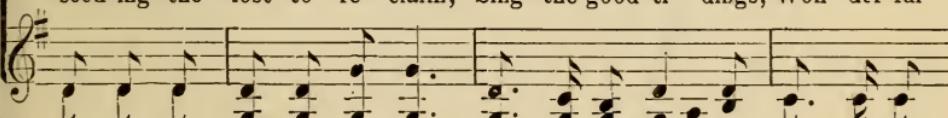
CHORUS.



Sing the good ti - dings, Oh, loud - ly pro - claim, Je - sus is



seek-ing the lost to re - claim; Sing the good ti - dings, Won - der-ful



ti - dings. Ti - dings of mer - cy all praise to His name.



No. 40.

I Will Guide Thee.

IDA L. REED.

W. A. OGDEN.

1."I will guide thee, I will guide thee, While the days are glid-ing by;"
 2."I will guide thee, I will teach thee In the way which thou shalt go;
 3."I, thy Lord, will ev - er guide thee All the wea - ry shadowed way;

Hear the Savior's pre- cious promise: "I will guide thee with mine eye."
 And to com-fort I'll be near thee When the springs of grief o'er-flow."
 I will walk in love be - side thee, Lead thee, lest thou sometimes stray."

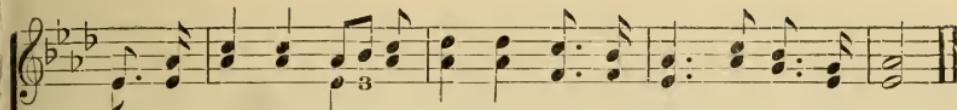
CHORUS.

"I will guide thee, safe- ly guide thee, As the days and years go by;

From life's per - ils I will hide thee, I will guide thee with mine eye."

"I will guide thee, safe- ly guide thee, As the days and years go by;

I Will Guide Thee.



From life's per - ils I will hide thee; I will guide thee with mine eye."

No. 41.

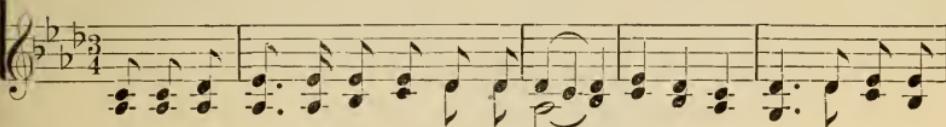
Lead, Kindly Light.

J. H. NEWMAN.

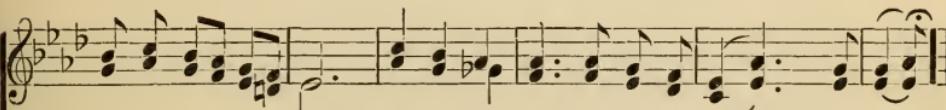
Arr. by C. H. G.



1. Lead, kindly light! a-mid th' encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on. The night is
2. I was not ev-er thus, nor pray'd that Thou Shouldst lead me on. I loved to
3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on, O'er moor and



dark and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on. Keep Thou my feet; I choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on. I loved the gar-ish fen, o'er crag and tor-rent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those



do not ask to see The distant scene; one step e-nough for me.
day, and, spite of fears Pride ruled my will; re-member not past years.
an - gel fac - es smile, Which I have lov'd long since, and lost a - while.



No. 42.

My King.

ELEANOR BRUCE.

CHAS. K. LANGLEY.

1. I know in whom I have be - liev - ed, My faith tak - eth
 2. His love all my life hath at - tend - ed To cheer and il -
 3. In life I will ev - er a - dore Him, ... And when I shall

be - liev-ed,
 at - tend-ed
 a - dore Him,

hold on His word;..... From Him ev - 'ry good I've re -
 lu - mine my way; His fire which by night hath de -
 look on His face, I'll sing with the ran-somed be -

on His word;
 il - lu - mine my way;
 on His face,

ceiv - ed, My Sav - ior, Re - deem-er and Lord.....
 fend - ed, His cloud, which hath guarded by day.....
 fore Him, The joys of His won - der - ful grace.....

re - ceiv - ed,
 de - fend - ed,
 be - fore Him,

Re - deem - er and Lord.
 hath guard-ed by day.
 won - der - ful grace.

REFRAIN.

'Tis Je - sus, my King,..... whose prais - -
 'Tis Je - sus, my King,..... whose prais-es, whose

'Tis Je - sus, my King, whose prais - -

My King.

The musical score consists of three staves of music. The top staff shows a melody line with lyrics: "es, prais-es I sing, I'll praise and a-dore Him, I'll prais-es I sing," followed by a repeat sign and "es I sing." The middle staff continues the melody. The bottom staff begins with a rest, followed by a bass line with lyrics: "wor-ship be-fore Him, My Je-sus, the King of all kings. of all kings." The bass line concludes with a final bass note.

No. 43. The Gross of Christ.

Sir JOHN BOWRING.

I. CONKEY. Arr. by G. F. R.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo-ry, Tow'-ring o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de-ceive, and fears an-noy,
3. Bane and bless-ing, pain and pleas-ure, By the cross are sanc - ti-fied;

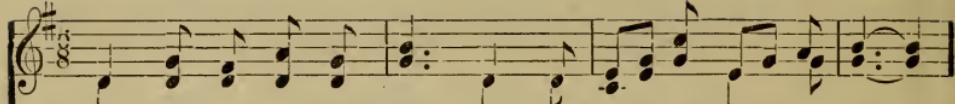
All the light of sa - cred sto-ry Gath-ers round its head sub - lime.
Nev - er shall the cross for-sake me: Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
Peace is there that knows no meas-ure, Joys that thro' all time a - bide.

No. 44.

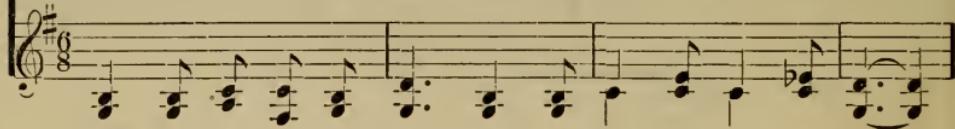
He Gareth for Me.

Mrs. GRACE WEISER DAVIS.

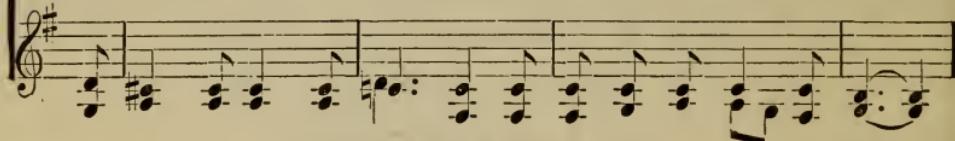
Dr. H. R. PALMER.



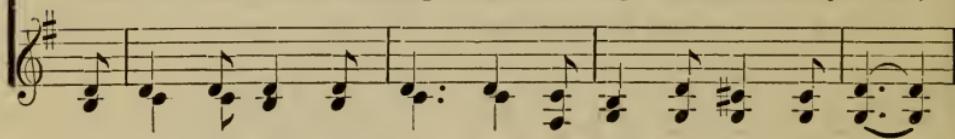
1. As our heav - en - ly Fa - ther the spar - row's fall doth know,
2. As our heav - en - ly Fa - ther, for lil - ies too, doth care,
3. Take no tho't for the mor - row; Thy heav'n-ly Fa - ther knows,



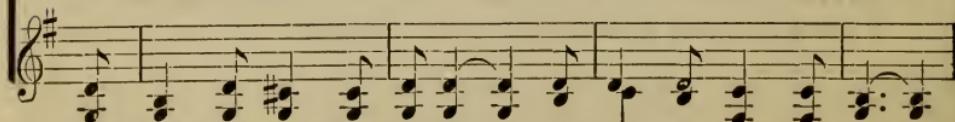
As wav - ing leaf on the tree - top He notes as it fall - eth low,
Doth clothe with exquisite beau - ty in pur - i - ty, O so fair;
The things ye stand in need of, He in - fi - nite mer - cy shows;



As e'en thy hairs are num - bered, let this thy com - fort be,
As spar-rows toil and spin not, yet by thy God are fed,
Seek first for God's own king - dom set up with - in thy heart,



Much more, O pre - cious loved one, thy Fa - ther cares for thee.
Much less will He for - get thee; thou safe - ly shalt be led.
And all things shall be add - ed; then choose "the bet - ter part."



He Gareth for Me.

CHORUS.

f cres.

f

He cares for me! He cares for me! Sing to thy-self each day!

He cares for me! He cares for me! In all things and al-way.

No. 45.

Evening.

Bishop GEORGE W. DOANE.

v. WEBER. Arr. by G. F. R.

1. Soft-ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way;
2. Thou,whose all-per - vad - ing eye Naught es-capes, with-out, with-in,
3. Soon for me the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way;
4. Thou,who, sin-less, yet hast known All of man's in - firm - i - ty;

Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would commune with Thee.
Par - don each in - firm - i - ty, O - pen fault, and se - cret sin.
Then,from sin and sor - row free, Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.
Then,from Thine e - ter - nal throne, Je - sus, look with pity-ing eye.

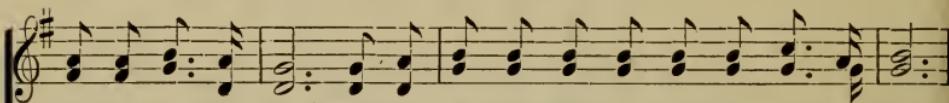
No. 46.

Going Down the Valley.

JESSIE H. BROWN.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. We are go-ing down the val-ley, one by one, With our fa-ces tow'rd the
2. We are go-ing down the val-ley, one by one, When the la-bors of the
3. We are go-ing down the val-ley, one by one, Hu-man comrades you or



set-ting of the sun; Down the val - ley where the mournful cy-press grows,
wea-ry day are done; One by one the cares of earth for-ev - er past,
I will there have none; But a ten - der hand will guide us lest we fall,

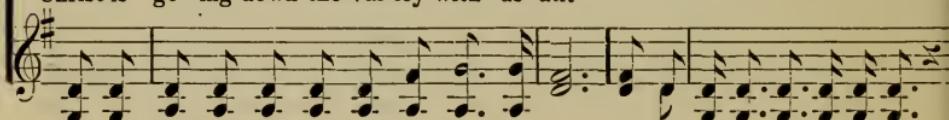


CHORUS.

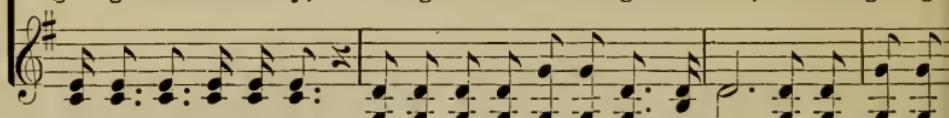


Where the stream of death in silence onward flows.

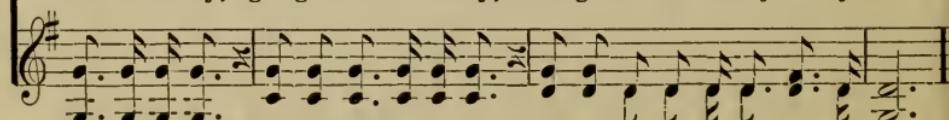
We shall stand up - on the riv - er bank at last. We are going down the valley,
Christ is go - ing down the val-ley with us all.



go-ing down the val-ley, Go-ing tow'rd the setting of the sun, We are go-ing



down the valley, going down the valley, Going down the valley one by one.



No. 47.

Lead, Kindly Light.

J. H. NEWMAN.

J. WESLEY HUGHES.

1. Lead, kind - ly Light, A - mid th'en - cir - cling gloom, Lead Thou me
 2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me
 3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me

Lead
Shouldst
WillLead Thou me on!.....
Shouldst lead me on!.....
Will lead me on.....The night is dark, and I am far from
I loved to choose and see my
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor-renton! The night is dark, is dark, and I am far..... from
on; I loved to choose and see my path, but now Lead Thou me
on O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor-rent, till The night isThou me on! The night is dark, and I am far from
lead me on; I loved to choose and see my path, but
lead me on O'er crag and tor-rent, till The night is
home,
path,
too,home, Lead Thou me on! Keep Thou my feet; I
on, Lead Thou me on! I loved the gar - ish
gone, Till the night is gone, And with the morn thosehome, Lead Thou me on!..... Keep Thou my feet; I
now Lead Thou me on!..... I loved the gar - ish
gone, The night is gone,..... And with the morn thosedo not ask to see The dis-tant scene;.... one step e-nough for me.
day, and, spite offears. Pride ruled my will.... Re-mem-ber not past years.
an - gel fa-ces smile Which I have loved.... long since, and lost a - while!

No. 48.

I Know He Loves Me.

JOHN MCPHAIL.

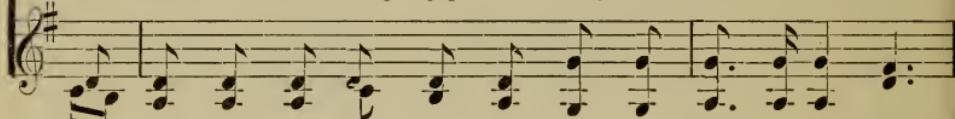
JOHN MCPHAIL.



1. It was from heav'n that Je - sus came, I know He loves me;
2. The might - y ran - som price He paid, I know He loves me;
3. He sought me when I went a - stray, I know He loves me;
4. With out-stretch'd arms He took me in, I know He loves me;
5. In Je - sus I am al - ways blest, I know He loves me;



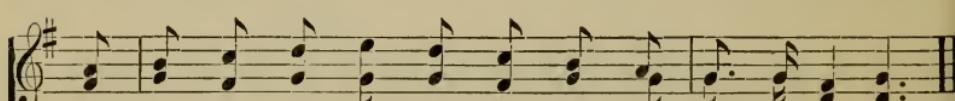
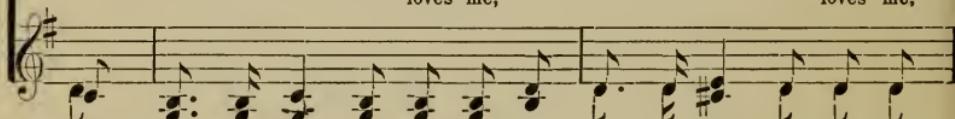
To bear my load of sin and shame, I know He loves me.
It was His pre - cious life He gave, I know He loves me.
And saved me from the down-ward way, I know He loves me.
And cleans'd my heart from love of sin, I know He loves me.
I find in Him my joy and rest, I know He loves me.



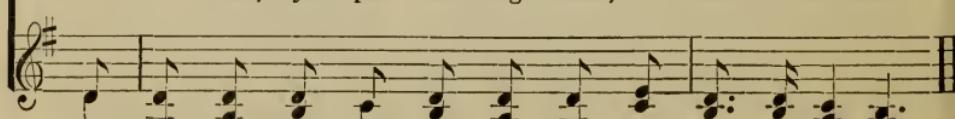
CHORUS.



I know He loves me, I know He loves me,
loves me, loves me,



With ten - der, sym - pa - thiz - ing heart, I know He loves me.



No. 49.

Lead Others to Jesus.

JAMES ROWE.

GEO. F. ROSCHE.

1. If from the fet-ters of sin you are free, Lead oth - ers to
 2. If He is keep-ing your gaze on the goal, Lead oth - ers to
 3. Tell the sweet sto - ry wher - ev - er you are, Lead oth - ers to

Je - sus; Loy - al and lov - ing each day you should be;
 Je - sus; Tell them that dai - ly He bless - es your soul,
 Je - sus; Help them His love and His mer - cy to know,

CHORUS.

Lead oth - ers to Je - sus. En - ter the val - leys and

des - erts of sin, Souls, pre-cious souls for the Sav - ior to win;

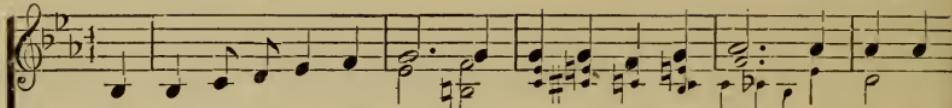
Ten-der - ly, lov - ing-ly gath-er them in, Lead oth - ers to Je - sus.

No. 50.

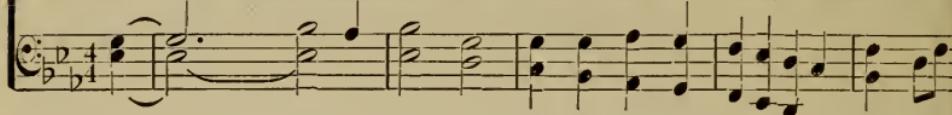
O Cross of Love.

Rev. T. O. CHISHOLM.

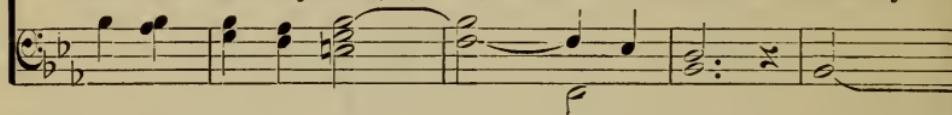
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



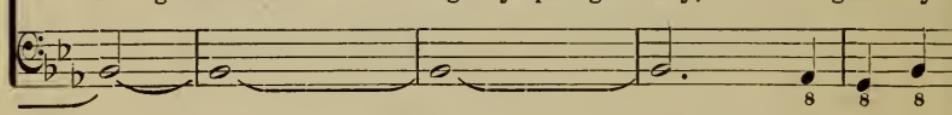
1. Far back in the a - ges past, Veiled in the mists of years, A wondrous
2. And gaz - ing up - on that cross, What feel - ings fill my breast! What sorrow
3. Lord Je - sus, up - on Thy cross I fix my wand'ring eyes, Lest I for-
4. O cross of re-deem-ing love, Now dead to all be - side, On thee I



vis - ion I be - hold, That moves my heart to tears; There, hang-ing up-
for my life of sin, What hung-er - ings for rest! Then peace, as the
get Thy might-y love, Thy bleed - ing sac - ri - fice! And, look-ing, my
suf - fer with my Lord, I, too, am cru - ci - fied! Send forth thy re-



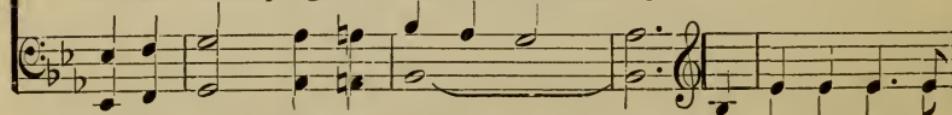
on a cross, The form of One I see, Who suf - fered
peace of heav'n, Steals in up - on my soul, And tides of
love a - dores, Fed by the flame di - vine, Till all I
ful - gent beams A - long my pil - grim way, And guide my



CHORUS.



there a sin-ner's death, That sin-ners might be free.
deep and ho - ly joy Thro' all my be - ing roll. O cross of love, O
have and all I am I glad - ly yield as Thine.
feet thro' earth-ly night To realms of fade - less day.



O Cross of Love.

cross of pain, My glo - ry and my plea! Up - on thy arms ex-
tend - ed wide, Christ Je-sus died for me, Christ Je-sus died for me.

No. 51. All Hail the Power.

O. HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels pros-trate fall;
2. Let ev - 'ry kin-dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
3. Oh, that with yon-der sa-cred throng We at His feet may fall;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
To Him all maj - es - ty a-scribe, And crown Him Lord of all;
We'll join the ev - er - last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;

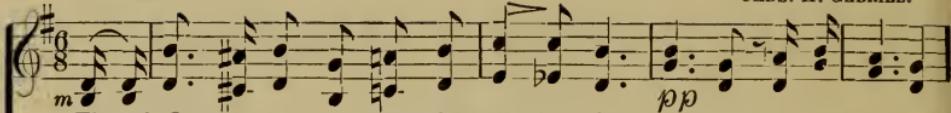
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
To Him all maj - es - ty a-scribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
We'll join the ev - er - last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

No. 52.

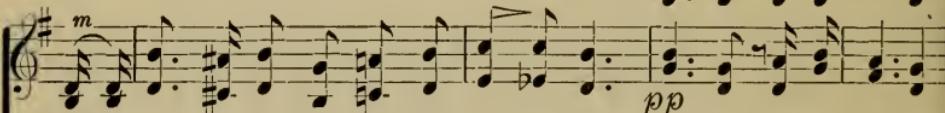
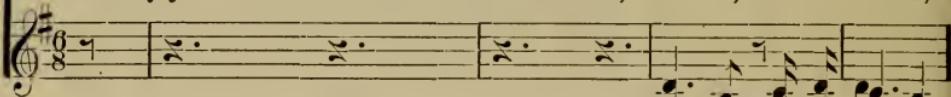
Jesus, Blessed Jesus.

C. H. G.

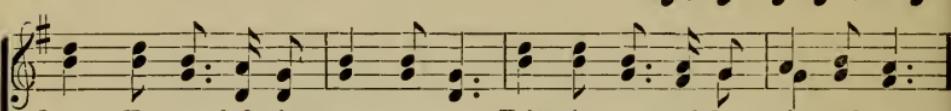
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



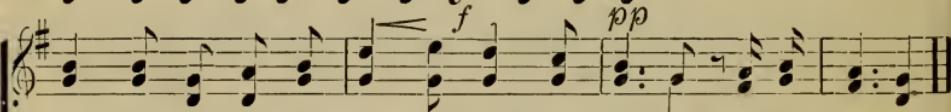
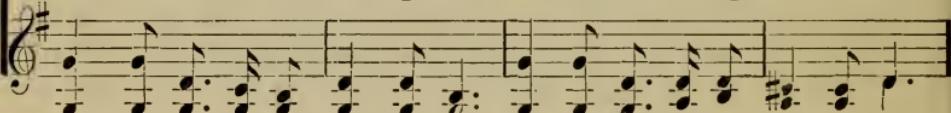
1. There is One who can com-fort when all else fails, Je - sus, bless-ed Je-sus;
 2. He hear - eth the cry of the soul distressed, Je - sus, bless-ed Je-sus;
 3. He nev - er for-sakes in the dark-est hour, Je - sus, bless-ed Je-sus;
 4. When the harvest is past He will come a - gain, Je - sus, bless-ed Je-sus;
 5. What joy it will be when we see His face, Je - sus, bless-ed Je-sus;



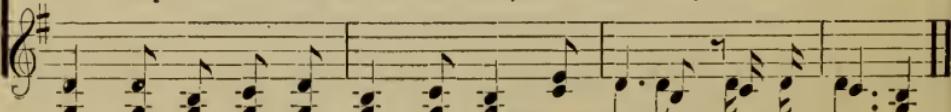
Who is a - ble to save when the foe as-sails, Je - sus, blessed Je-sus;
 He heal-eth our wounds and He giv - eth rest, Je - sus, blessed Je-sus;
 His arm is a - round us with keep-ing pow'r, Je - sus, blessed Je-sus;
 O let us be read - y to meet Him then, Je - sus, blessed Je-sus;
 For - ev - er to sing of His love and grace, Je - sus, blessed Je-sus;



Once He traveled the way we go, Felt the pangs of de - ceit and woe;
 Tho' so oft - en de - nied is He, Spurned the love that built Cal-va-ry,
 When from loved ones were called to part, When the tears in our anguish start,
 When we en - ter the Shad-ow-land, When at Jor-dan we trembling stand,
 There at home on that shin - ing shore, With the loved ones gone on be-fore,



Who more per - fect - ly then can know, Than Je - sus, blessed Je - sus?
 Still with pleadings of "Come to me," Stands Je - sus, blessed Je - sus.
 None can com-fort the break-ing heart But Je - sus, blessed Je - sus.
 He will meet us with out-stretched hand, This Je - sus, blessed Je - sus.
 We will praise Him for - ev - er - more, Our Je - sus, blessed Je - sus.



No. 53.

Does Jesus Care?

Rev. FRANK E. GRAEFF.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Does Je - sus care when my heart is pain'd Too deep-ly for mirth or song,
2. Does Je - sus care when my way is dark With a name-less dread and fear?
3. Does Je - sus care when I've tried and fail'd To resist some temptation strong?
4. Does Je - sus care when I've said "good-by!" To the dearest on earth to me,

As the burdens press, And the cares distress, And the way grows weary and long?
As the daylight fades Into deep night shades, Does He care enough to be near?
When in my deep grief I find no re-lief, Tho' my tears flow all the day long?
And my sad heart aches Till it nearly breaks: Is this aught to Him? does He see?

CHORUS.

O yes, He cares: I know He cares, His heart is touch'd with my grief:

When the days are wea-ry, The long nights dreary, I know my Sav-iор cares.

No. 54.

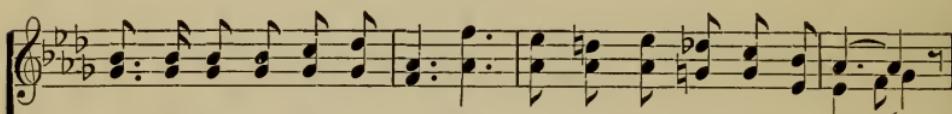
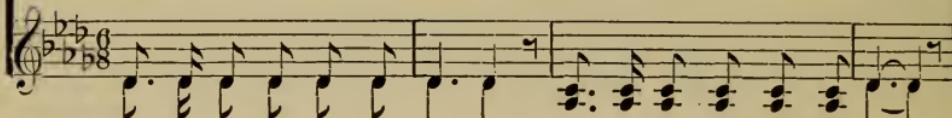
The Precious Promise.

GLADYS HYATT SINCLAIR.

GEO. F. ROSCHE.



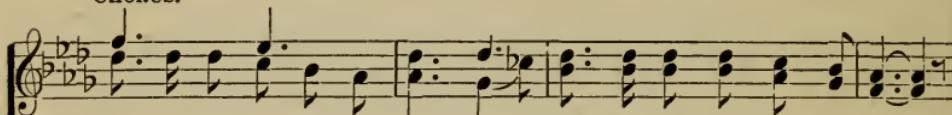
1. List to the prom-ise of Je - sus: "Lo, I am with you al - ways;"
2. Nev - er a mo-ment with-out Him, Wheth-er by night or by day;
3. With us in ten-der com-pass-ion, Heal-ing our hurts as of old;
4. With us in pow-er to con-quer, Pow'r that is ours when we pray;



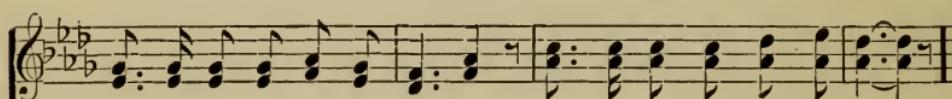
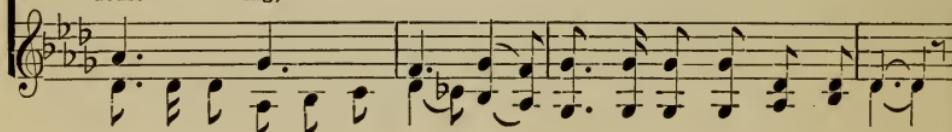
Led by His pres-ence so ten-der, How can our feet ev - er stray?
 Doth a temp-ta-tion as - sail us? "Lo, I am with you al - ways."
 With us in joy or in sor - row, Lead-ing us in - to His fold.
 List'ning in meekness the an-swer, "Lo, I am with you al - ways."



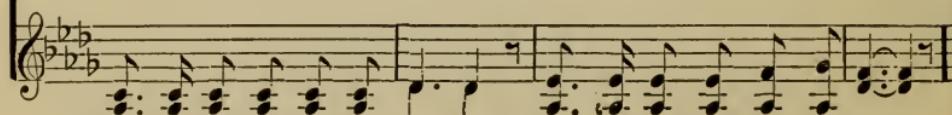
CHORUS.



Trusting the love of the Sav - ior, Trust-ing His prom - is - es dear;
 Trust - ing,



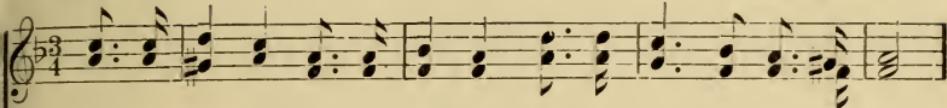
Giv - eth us strength for the striving, Ref - uge from sor-row and fear.



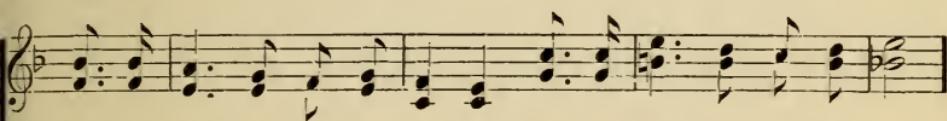
No. 55. Lord, With Glowing Heart I'd Praise Thee.

F. S. KEY.

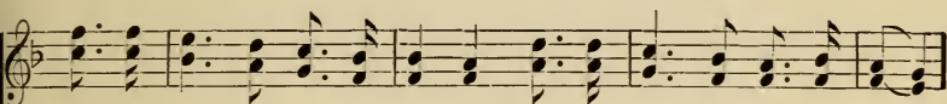
GEORGE B. NEVIN.



1. Lord, with glow-ing heart I'd praise Thee, For the bliss Thy love be - stows,
2. Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee, Wretched wand'rer, far a - stray;
3. Lord, this bos-om's ar - dent feel - ing Vain-ly would my lips ex-press;



For the par-d'ning grace that saves me, And the peace that from it flows;
Found thee lost, and kind - ly bro't thee From the paths of death a - way:
Low be - fore Thy foot-stool kneel-ing, Deign Thy suppliant's pray'r to bless:



Help, O God, my weak en - deav-or; This dull soul to rap - ture raise:
Praise, with love's de - vot - est feel - ing, Him who saw the guilt-born fear,
Let Thy grace, my soul's chief treasure, Love's pure flame with-in me raise,



Thou must light the flame, or nev - er Can my love be warmed to praise.
And, the light of hope re - veal-ing, Bade the blood-stain'd cross ap - pear.
And, since words can nev - er meas-ure, Let my life show forth Thy praise.



No. 56.

When Love Shines In.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

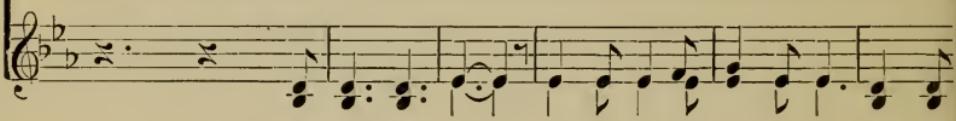
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Je - sus comes with pow'r to gladden, When love shines in, Ev - 'ry life that
2. How the world will glow with beauty, When love shines in, And the heart re-
3. Dark-est sorrows will grow brighter, When love shines in, And the heaviest
4. We may have un-fail-ing splendor, When love shines in, And a friendship



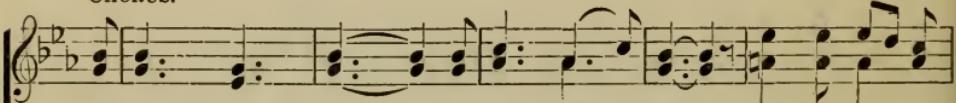
woe can sad-den, When love shines in. Love will teach us how to pray, Love will
joice in du - ty, When love shines in. Tri - als may be sanc-ti-fied, And the
bur-dén, light-er, When love shines in. 'Tis the glo-ry that will throw Light to
true and ten-der, When love shines in. When earth-vict'ries shall be won And our



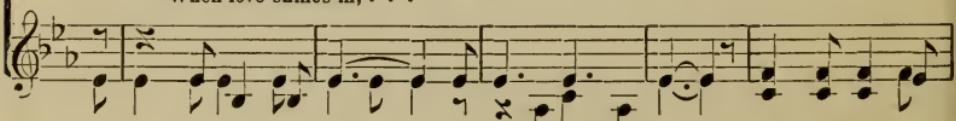
drive the gloom a-way, Turn our darkness in - to day, When love shines in.
soul in peace a-bide, Life will all be glo - ri-fied, When love shines in.
show us where to go; O the heart shall blessing know When love shines in.
life in heav'n be-gun, There will be no need of sun, For love shines in.



CHORUS.



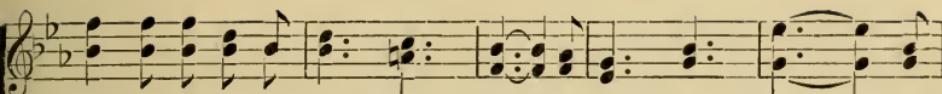
When love shines in,.... When love shines in, How the heart is
When love shines in, . . .



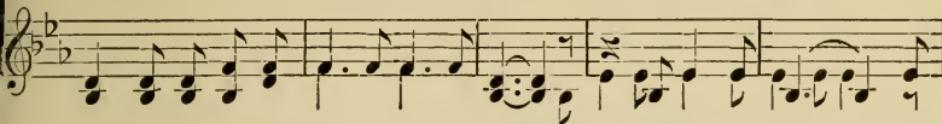
When love shines in, when love shines in,
Copyright, MCMII, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

When love shines in,

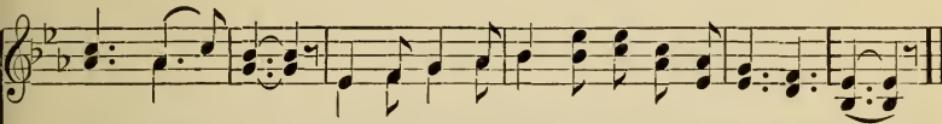
When Love Shines In.



tuned to sing-ing, When love shines in; When love shines in,.... When
When love shines in; When love shines in, . . .



When love shines in, when love shines in,



love shines in, Joy and peace to others bringing, When love shines in.

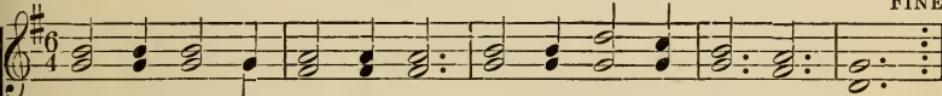


When love shines in,

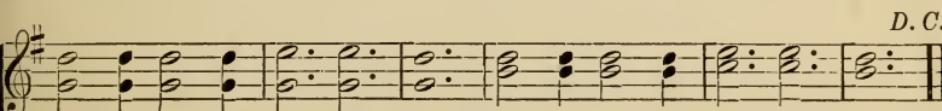
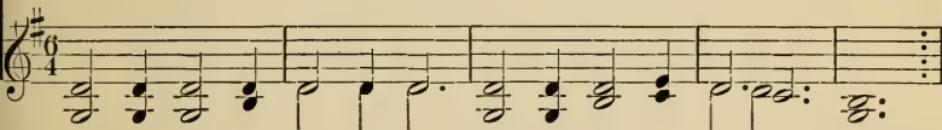
No. 57.

Martyn.

FINE.

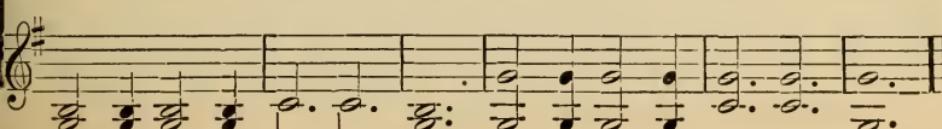


1. { Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high, }
- D.C.—Safe in - to the hav - en guide, O re - ceive my soul at last.
2. { Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help - less soul on Thee,
Leave, O leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me, }
- D.C.—Cov - er my de - fense-less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.



D. C.

Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, 'Till the storm of life is past,
All my trust on Thee is staid, All my help from Thee I bring;

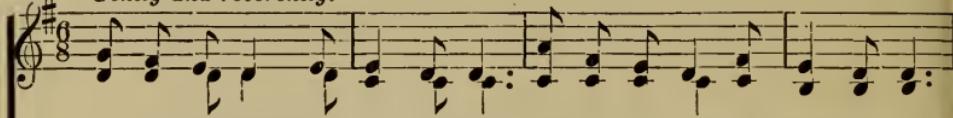


No. 58. Open My Eyes That I May See.

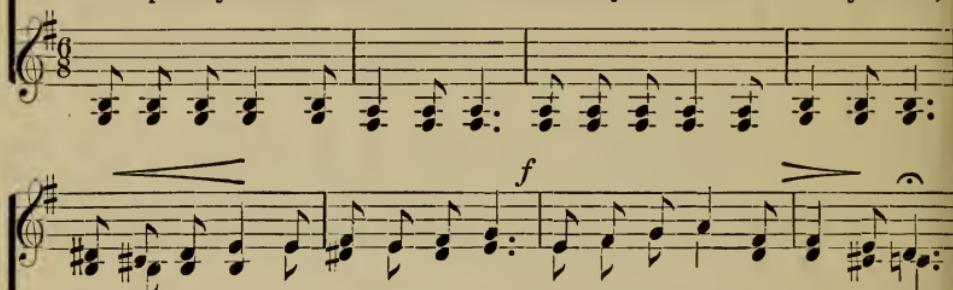
C. H. S.

CLARA H. SCOTT.

Gently and reverently.

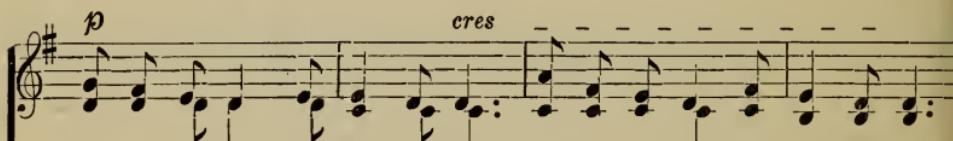
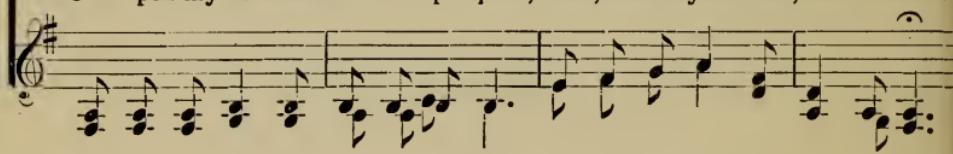


1. O - pen my eyes that I may see Glimpses of truth Thou hast for me;
2. O - pen my ears that I may hear Voic - es of truth Thou sendest clear,
3. O - pen my mouth and let me bear Glad - ly the warm truth ev'ry-where;

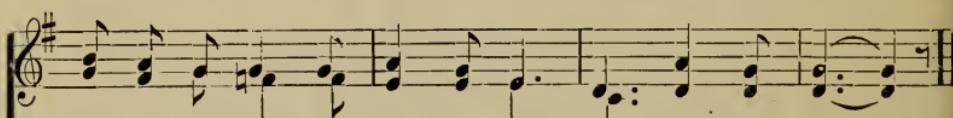
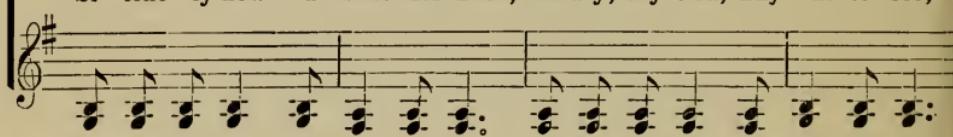


Place in my hands the won-der - ful key That shall un-clasp and set me free.
And while the wave-notes fall on my ear, Ev - 'ry-thing false will dis - ap-pear.

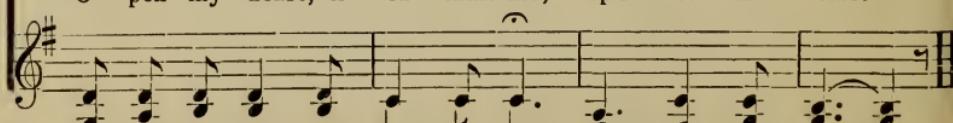
O - pen my heart and let me pre-pare, Love, with Thy children, thus to share.



Si - lent - ly now I wait for Thee, Read-y, my God, Thy will to see;
Si - lent - ly now I wait for Thee, Read-y, my God, Thy will to see;
Si - lent - ly now I wait for Thee, Read-y, my God, Thy will to see;



O - pen my eyes, il - lu - mine me, Spir - it di - vine.
O - pen my ears, il - lu - mine me, Spir - it di - vine.
O - pen my heart, il - lu - mine me, Spir - it di - vine.



No. 59.

"Whosoever Will."

P. P. B.

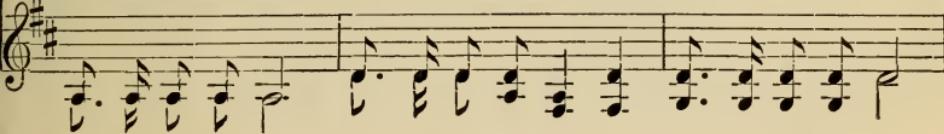
P. P. BLISS.



1. "Who-so - ev - er hear - eth," shout, shout the sound! Send the blessed ti - dings
2. Who-so - ev - er com - eth need not de - lay, Now the door is o - pen,
3. "Who-so - ev - er will," the prom - ise se - cure; "Who - so - ev - er will, for -



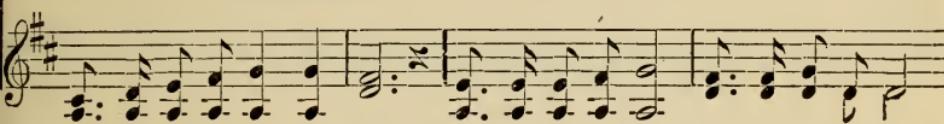
all the world a-round; Spread the joy - ful news wher - ev - er man is found;
en - ter while you may; Je - sus is the true, the on - ly Liv - ing Way:
ev - er must en-dure; "Who - so - ev - er will," 'tis life for ev - er - more:



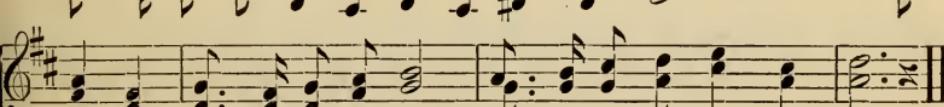
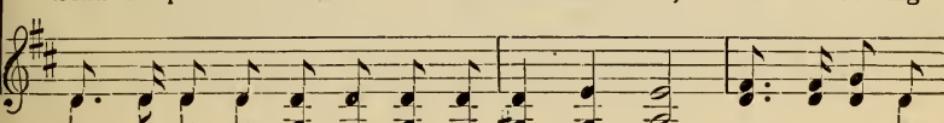
CHORUS.



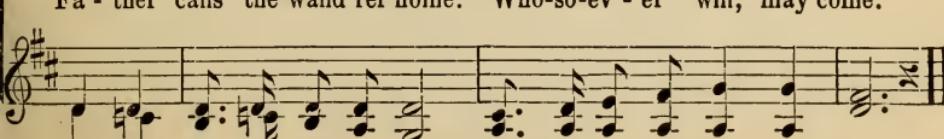
"Who - so - ev - er will, may come." "Who - so - ev - er will, who - so - ev - er will,"



Send the proc-la - ma - tion o - ver vale and hill; 'Tis a lov - ing



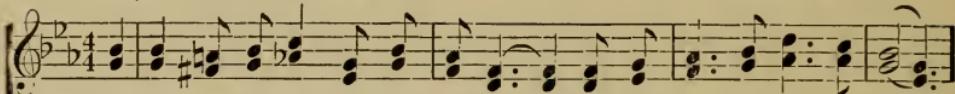
Fa - ther calls the wand'rer home: "Who - so - ev - er will, may come."



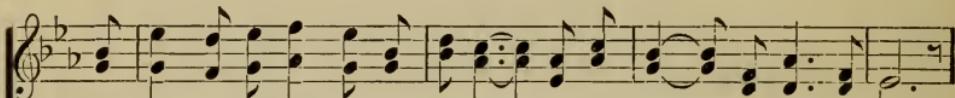
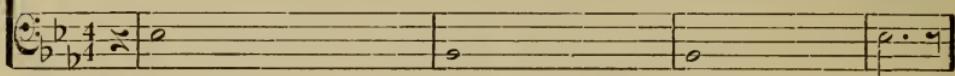
No. 60. The Gross is not Greater.

Solo, or Duet and Chorus.

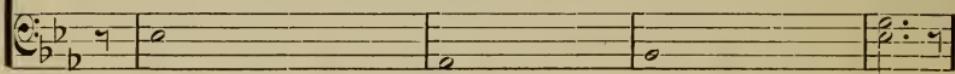
Com. BALLINGTON BOOTH.



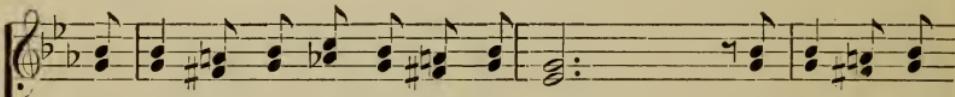
1. The cross that He gave may be heav - y, But it ne'er outweighs His grace;
2. The thorns in my path are not sharp-er Than composed His crown for me,
3. The light of His love shineth bright-er, As it falls on paths of woe,
4. His will I have joy in ful - fill - ing, As I'm walk-ing in His sight,



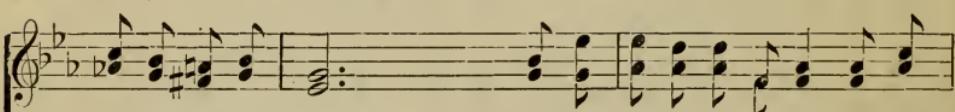
The storm that I feared may surround me, But it ne'er excludes His face.
The cup that I drink not more bit-ter Than He drank in Geth-sem-a-ne.
The toil of my work growtheth light-er, As I stoop to raise the low.
My all to the blood I am bring-ing, It a - lone can keep me right.



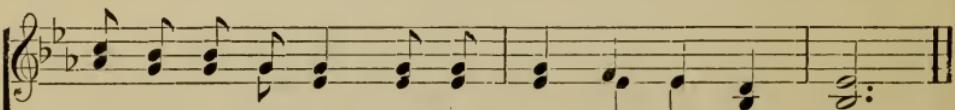
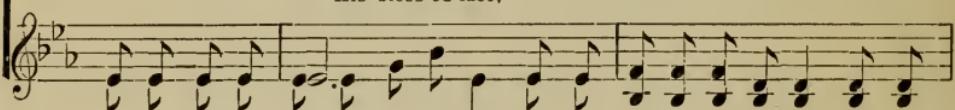
CHORUS.



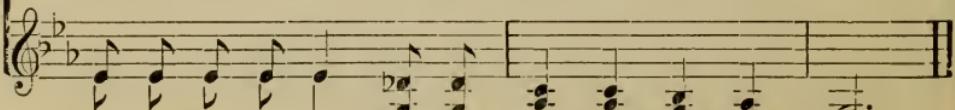
The cross is not great-er than His grace, The storm can-not
than His grace,



hide His blessed face; I am satisfied to know That with
His bless-ed face,



Je - sus here be - low, I can con - quer ev - 'ry foe.



No. 61. Jesus, My Savior, I Come to Thee.

M. L. MCP.

M. L. MCPhAIL.

1. Wea-ry and bur - dened, Je-sus I come, Tired of my
 2. No oth-er friends on earth do I know, To whom in
 3. Thy word in - vites the wea-ry to come, This is my
 4. Lord I have faith, Thy word to be - lieve, Oh, let me

wan - d'ring, far from my home;... I have been sad - ly
 grief and trouble to go;..... Turning a - way from
 hope, Thou turnest from none;.... Reaching Thine arms of
 now the blessing re - ceive;.... For in Thy prom - ise

D. S.—*I have been sad - ly*

FINE

straying I see,..... Je-sus, my Sav-ior, I come to Thee.
 all to be free,..... Je-sus, my Sav-ior, I come to Thee.
 love un-to me,..... Je-sus, my Sav-ior, I come to Thee.
 comfort I see,..... Je-sus, my Sav-ior, I come to Thee.

straying I see,..... Je-sus, my Sav-ior, I come to Thee.

CHORUS.

D. S.

I come to Thee, dear Lord to Thee, For lib-er - ty, sweet lib-er - ty;...

I come to Thee, dear Lord to Thee, For lib-er - ty, sweet lib-er - ty;

No. 62.

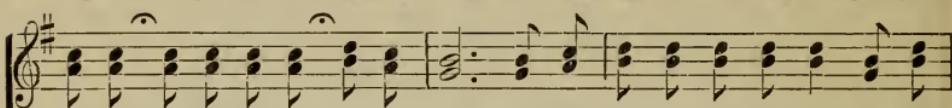
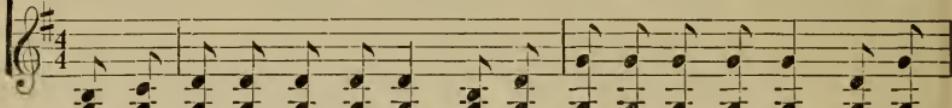
Drifting Down.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS.

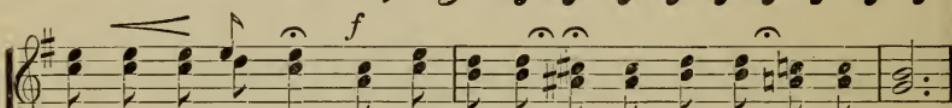
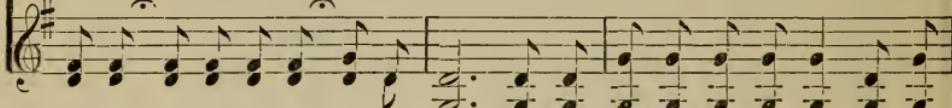
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.



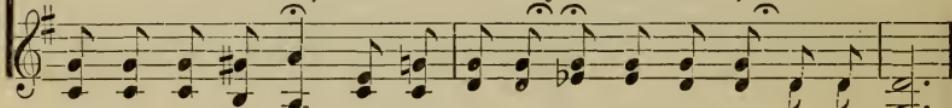
1. You are drift-ing far from shore, lean-ing on an i - dle oar, You are
2. Lights up-on the Home-land shore give you warning o'er and o'er, You are
3. Voic-es from the Home-land shore fainter grow as they im-plore, You are



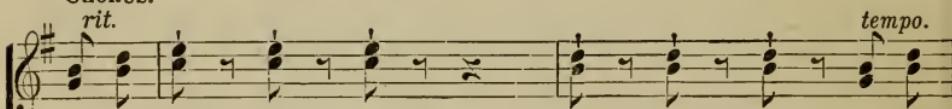
drift-ing, slow-ly drifting, drifting down, You are drift-ing with the tide to the
drift-ing, slow-ly drifting, drifting down, Soon be-yond the har-bor bar, will your
drift-ing, slow-ly drifting, drifting down, O, my brother, do not wait! heed them



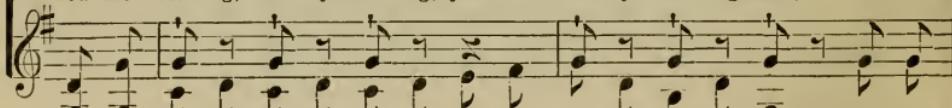
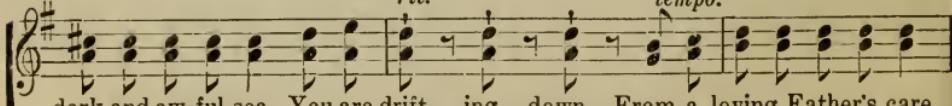
o - cean wild and wide, You are drift-ing, slow-ly drift-ing, drift-ing down.
boat be car-ried far, You are drift-ing, slow-ly drift-ing, drift-ing down.
ere it be too late, Ere for - ev - er you have drift-ed, drift-ed down.



CHORUS.

rit.

You are drift - ing down, drift - ing down, To the
You are drift-ing, slow - ly drift-ing, you are slow - ly drift-ing down,

*rit.*

dark and aw-ful sea, You are drift - ing down, From a loving Father's care,
drift-ing, slow - ly drift-ing,

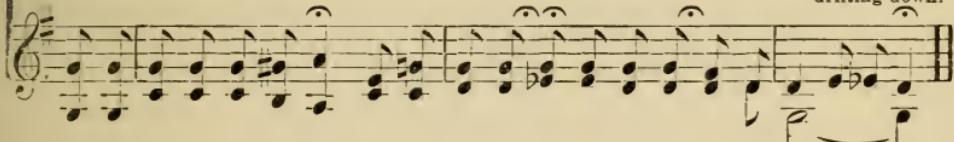


Drifting Down.



To the blackness of despair, You are drifting, slowly drifting, drifting down.....

drifting down.



No. 63.

More Holiness Give Me.

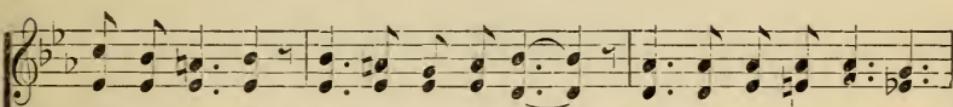
P. P. B.

Trio.

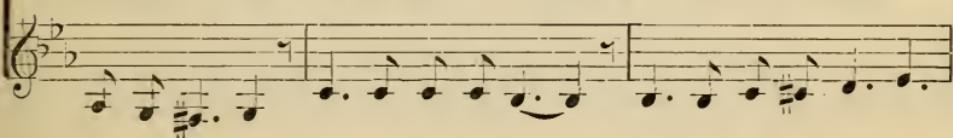
P. P. BLISS.



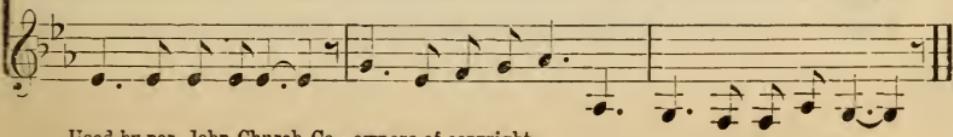
1. More ho - li - ness give me, More striv-ings with - in; More pa-
2. More grat - i - tude give me, More trust in the Lord; More pride
3. More pur - i - ty give me, More strength to o'er-come; More free-



tience in suf-f'ring, More sor-row for sin; More faith in my Sav - ior
in His glo - ry, More hope in His Word; More tears for His sor-rows,
dom from earth-stains, More longings for home; More fit for the king-dom,



More sense of His care; More joy in His serv-ice, More pur-pose in pray'r.
More pain at His grief; More meekness in tri - al, More praise for re - lief.
More used would I be; More bless-ed and ho - ly, More, Sav-iор, like thee.

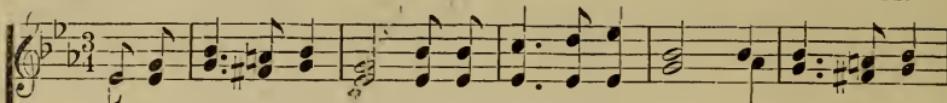


No. 64. The Home of the Soul.

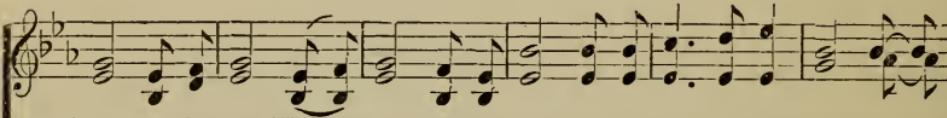
MRS. ELLEN H. GATES.

TRIO.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.



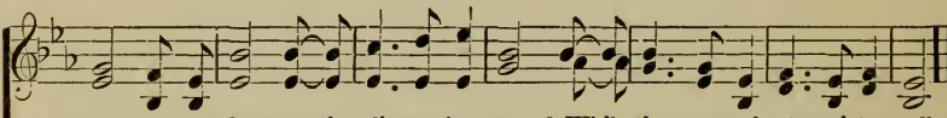
1. I will sing you a song of that beau-ti - ful land, That far a - way
2. O that home of the soul in my vis - ions and dreams, Its bright jas - per
3. That un-change-a-ble home is for you and for me, Where Je - sus of
4. O how sweet it will be in that beau - ti - ful land, So free from all



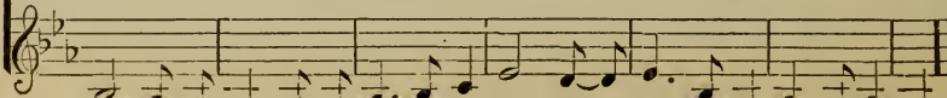
home of the soul, Where no storms ev - er beat on the glit-ter-ing strand, While the walls I can see, Till I fan - cy but thin - ly the vail in - ter-venes Be Naz-ar-eth stands; The King of all kingdoms for-ev - er is He, And He sor - row and pain, With songs on our lips and harps in our hands, To



years of e - ter - ni - ty roll, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll; Where no tween the fair cit - y and me, Be - tween the fair cit - y and me, Till I holdeth our crowns in His hands, And He holdeth our crowns in His hands, The meet one an - oth - er a - gain, To meet one an - oth - er a - gain, With



storms ev - er beat on the glit-ter-ing strand, While the years of e-ter-ni-ty roll. fan - cy but thin - ly the vail in - ter-venes Be - tween the fair cit - y and me. King of all kingdoms for-ev-er is He, And He holdeth our crowns in His hands. songs on our lips and harps in our hands, To meet one an-oth - er a-gain.



W. L. T.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

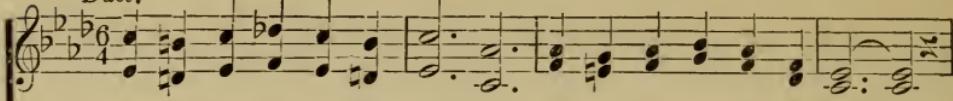
1. Je - sus is all the world to me, My life, my joy, my all;
 2. Je - sus is all the world to me, My friend in tri - als sore;
 3. Je - sus is all the world to me, And true to Him I'll be;
 4. Je - sus is all the world to me, I want no bet - ter friend;

He is my strength from day to day, With - out Him I would fall.
 I go to Him for bless - ings and He gives them o'er and o'er.
 Oh, how could I this friend de - ney, When He's so true to me?
 I trust Him now, I'll trust Him when Life's fleet - ing days shall end.

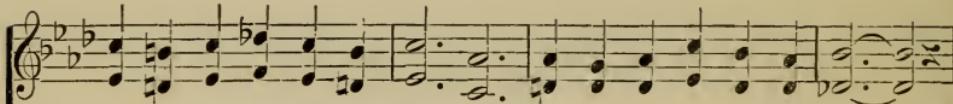
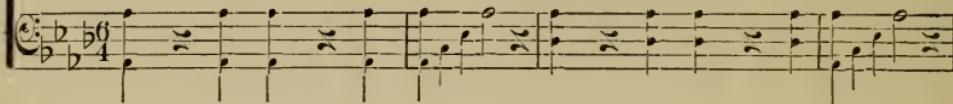
When I am sad, to Him I go, No oth - er one can cheer me so;
 He sends the sun - shine and the rain, He sends the harvest's gold - en grain;
 Fol - low - ing Him I know I'm right, Keep - ing His cross with - in my sight;
 Beau - ti - ful life with such a friend; Beau - ti - ful life that has no end;

When I am sad He makes me glad, He's my friend.
 Sun - shine and rain, and gold - en grain, He's my friend.
 Fol - low - ing Him, by day and night, He's my friend.
 E - ter - nal life, e - ter - nal joy, He's my friend.

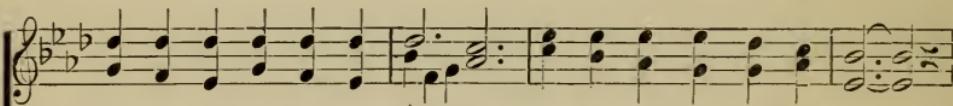
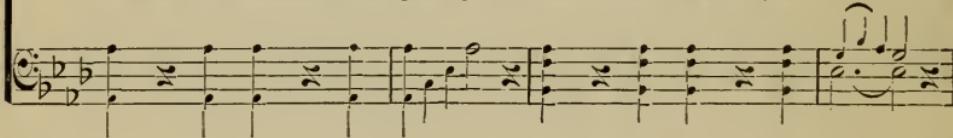
Duet.



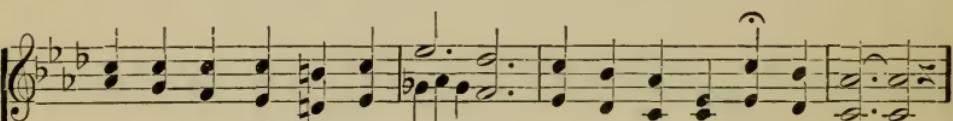
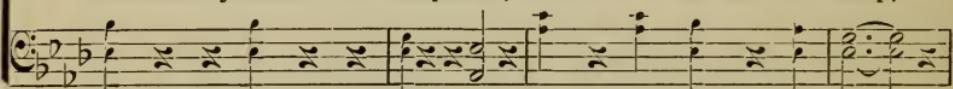
1. Dear to the heart of the Shep-herd, Dear are the sheep of His fold;
2. Dear to the heart of the Shep-herd, Dear are the lambs of His fold;
3. Dear to the heart of the Shep-herd, Dear are the "ninety and nine;"
4. Green are the pastures in - vit - ing, Sweet are the waters and "still;"



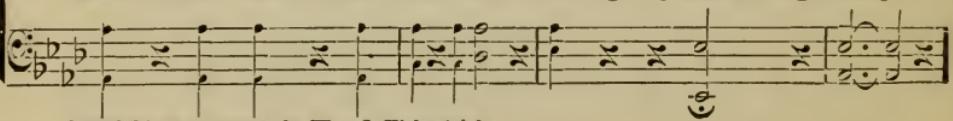
Dear is the love that He gives them, Dear-er than sil-ver or gold.
 Some from the pastures are stray-ing, Hun-gry and help-less and cold.
 Dear are the sheep that have wan-der'd Out in the des-ert to pine.
 Lord, we will an-swer Thee glad-ly, "Yes, blessed Mas-ter, we will!"



Dear to the heart of the Shep-herd, Dear are His "oth-er" lost sheep;
 See, the good Shepherd is seek-ing, Seek-ing the lambs that are lost,
 Hark! He is ear-nest-ly call-ing, Ten-der - ly plead-ing to - day;
 Make us Thy true un-der - shepherds, Give us a love that is deep;



O - ver the moun-tains He fol-lows, O - ver the wa-ters so deep.
 Bring-ing them in with re - joic - ing, Saved at such in - fi - nite cost.
 "Will you not seek for my lost ones, Off from my shel-ter a - stray?"
 Send us out in - to the des - ert Seek-ing Thy wan-der-ing sheep."



CHORUS.

poco rit.

Out in the des - ert they wan - der, Hun-gry and help-less and cold;

f

tempo.

Off to the res-cue He hast - ens, Bring-ing them back to the fold.

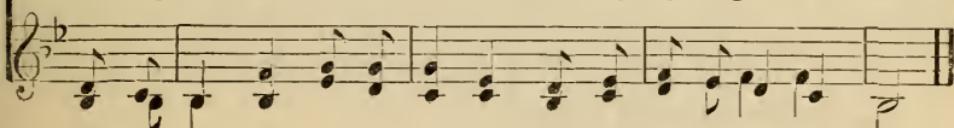
(4th verse.) we'll hast - en,

No. 67. Silently the Shades of Evening.

D. E. JONES.

1. Si - lent - ly the shades of ev - 'ning Gath-er 'round my low - ly door;
2. Oh, the lost, the un - for - got - ten, Tho' the world be oft for - got!
3. Liv-ing in the si - lent hours, Where our spir - its on - ly blend,
4. How such ho - ly mem - 'ries clus - ter, Like the stars when storms are past;

Si - lent - ly they bring be - fore me, Fac - es I shall see no more.
Oh, the shroud-ed and the lone - ly! In our hearts they per-ish not.
They, un-linked with earth-ly troub-le; We, still hop-ing for its end.
Point-ing up to that far ha - ven We may hope to gain at last.



ISAAC WATTS.

W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

Prince..... of glo-ry died,..... My richest gain.....
love..... flow mingled down:..... Did e'er such love.....

On which the Prince,
Sor - row and love,
the Prince of glo - ry died,
and love flow mingled down:
My rich-est gain

I count but loss,..... And pour contempt..... on all my pride.
and sor-row meet,..... Or thorns com-pose..... so rich a crown.

I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.

For-bid it, Lord,..... that I should boast,..... Save in the
Were the whole realm..... of na-ture mine,..... That were a
For-bid it, Lord,..... that I should boast,

For-bid it, Lord, that I should boast,

death. of Christ my Lord; All the vain things.... that charm me
 gift. by far too small; Love so a - maz - ing, so di-
 Save in the death of Christ my Lord; All the vain things that charm me
 Love so a-maz-ing, so di-

most,..... I sac - ri - fice..... them to His blood.....
 vine,..... Demands my soul,..... my life, my all.....
 most,that charm me most, I sac - ri - fice, I sac - ri - fice them to His blood (to His blood).
 vine, love so di-vine, Demands my soul, demands my soul, my life, my all (my life, my all).

No. 69. His Mercy Endureth.

1. O give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good:
2. O give thanks to the Lord of lords:
3. To Him that by wisdom made the heavens: For His mercy endureth for-ev-er:
4. To Him that made great lights:
5. Who remembered us in our low estate:
6. Who giveth food to all flesh:

O give thanks unto the God of gods:
 To Him who alone doeth great wonders:For His mercy endureth forever. A-men.
 To Him that stretch'd out the earth above the waters:
 The sun to rule by day: the moon and stars to rule by night:
 And hath redeemed us from our enemies;
 O give thanks unto the God of heaven;

1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I can - not bear these
 2. I must tell Je - sus all of my troub-les; He is a kind, com-
 3. Tempt-ed and tried, I need a great Sav-i-or, One who can help my
 4. O how the world to e - vil al - lures me! O how my heart is

bur - dens a - lone; In my dis - tress He kind - ly will help me;
 pas - sion - ate Friend; If I but ask Him He will de - liv - er,
 bur - dens to bear; I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus;
 tempt - ed to sin! I must tell Je - sus, and He will help me

CHORUS.

He ev - er loves and cares for His own.
 Make of my troub-les quick-ly an end. I must tell Je - sus! I must tell
 He all my cares and sor-rows will share.
 O ver the world the vic - try to win.

Je - sus! I can-not bear my burdens a - lone; I must tell Je - sus!

rit.
I must tell Je - sus! Je - sus can help me, Je - sus a - lone.

No. 71. The Three Sisters.

E. L. MCCORD.

W. W. GILCHRIST.

1. I know three lit - tle sis - ters, I think you know them, too; For
2. I know three lit - tle les - sons, These lit - tle sis -ters tell, The

one is red, and one is white, And the oth - er one is blue.
first is Love, then Pu - ri - ty And Truth we love so well.

CHORUS.

Hur-rah for these three lit-tle sis-ters! Hur-rah for the red, white and blue!

Hur-rah! Hur-rah! Hur-rah! Hur-rah! Hur-rah for the red, white and blue!

Used by per.

1. Just a lit - tle kind-ness shown a - long the wea - ry road; Just a
 2. Just a lit - tle sac - ri - fice of ease that we have earned; Just a
 3. Just a lit - tle plead-ing in the name of Him who died; Just a

lit - tle lift - ing of an - oth - er's heav - y load; Just a lit - tle
 lit - tle shar - ing of a les - son we have learned; Just a lit - tle
 lit - tle ear-nest-ness, like His who is your Guide; Just a lit - tle

pit - y that is ten - der - ly be-stowed, May win a soul for Je - sus.
 stir - ring of the flame that low has burned, May win a soul for Je - sus.
 long - ing for some-one lost at your side, May win a soul for Je - sus.

CHORUS.

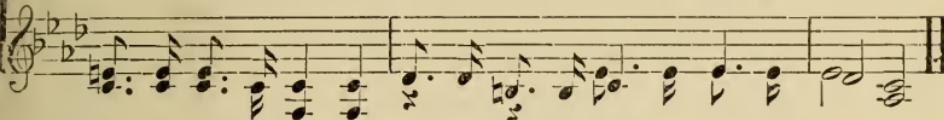
In the name of Him who died for you, To your vow of
 Un - to your vow of

serv - ice are you true?..... Nev - er then neg - lect it For
 serv - ice are you true and loy - al?

Just a Little.



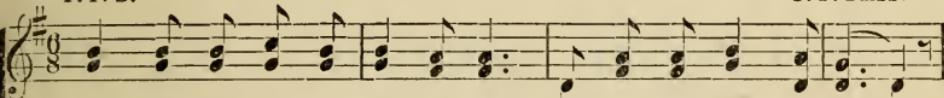
when you least ex - pect it, You may win a soul to Je - sus.
win a soul to Je - sus.



No. 73. Wonderful Words of Life.

P. P. B.

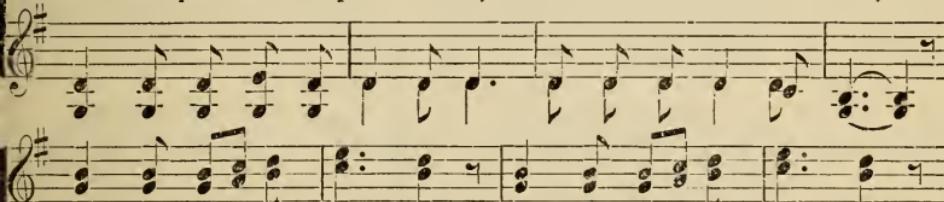
P. P. BLISS.



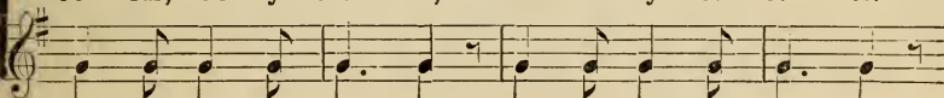
1. Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Won - der - ful words of Life;
2. Christ, the bless-ed One, gives to all Won - der - ful words of Life;
3. Sweet-ly ech - o the gos - pel call, Won - der - ful words of Life;



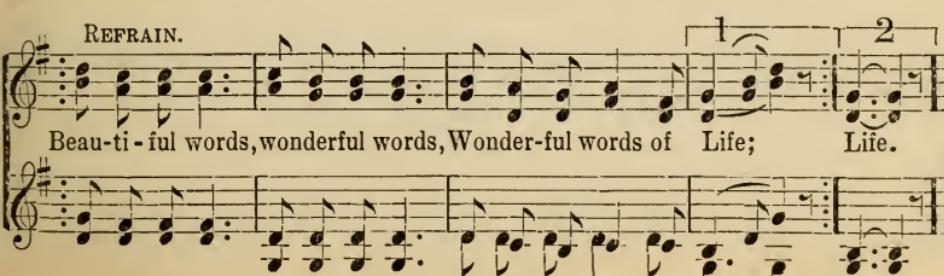
Let me more of their beau-ty see, Won - der - ful words of Life;
Sin - ner, list to the lov - ing call, Won - der - ful words of Life;
Of - fer par-don and peace to all, Won - der - ful words of Life;



Words of life and beau - ty, Teach me faith and du - ty;
All so free - ly giv - en, Woo - ing us to heav - en.
Je - sus, on - ly Sav - ior, Sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er.



REFRAIN.



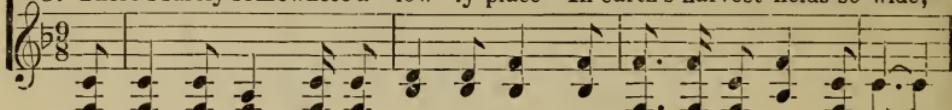
No. 74. I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

MARY BROWN.

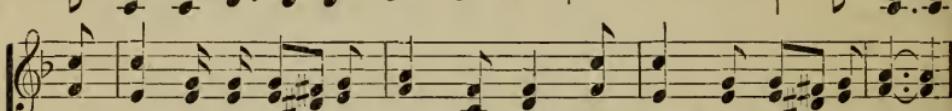
CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.



1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o - ver the storm-y sea;
2. Per-haps to-day there are lov-ing words Which Je-sus would have me speak;
3. There's surely somewhere a low - ly place In earth's harvest-fields so wide,



It may not be at the bat - tle's front My Lord will have need of me;
There may be now, in the paths of sin, Some wand'rer whom I should seek.
Where I may la - bor thro' life's short day For Je-sus, the Cru - ci - fied.



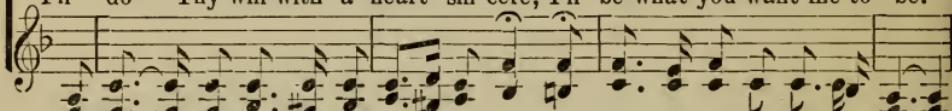
But if by a still, small voice He calls To paths I do not know,
O Sav - ior, if Thou wilt be my Guide, Tho' dark the rug - ged way,
So, trust-ing my all un - to Thy care, I know Thou lov - est me!



FINE



I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
My voice shall ech - o the message sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
I'll do Thy will with a heart sin-cere; I'll be what you want me to be.



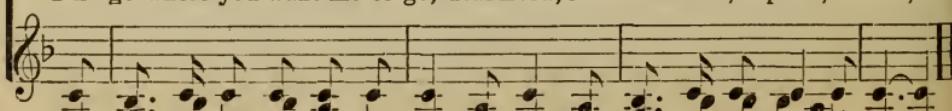
D.S.—*I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.*

REFRAIN.

D. S.



I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, O'er mountain, or plain, or sea;



No. 75.

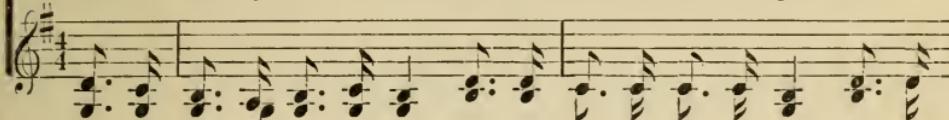
Tell the Sweet Story.

Rev. ALFRED J. HOUGH.
Moderato.

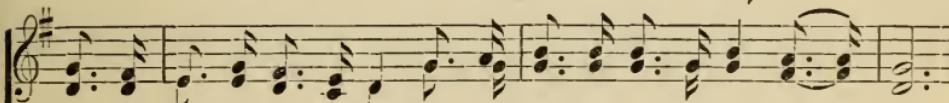
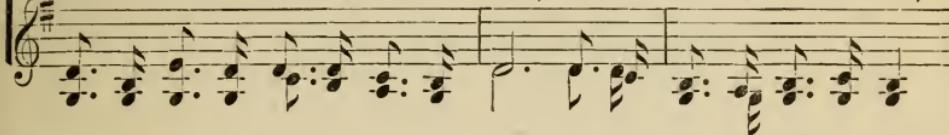
JAS. M. BLACK.



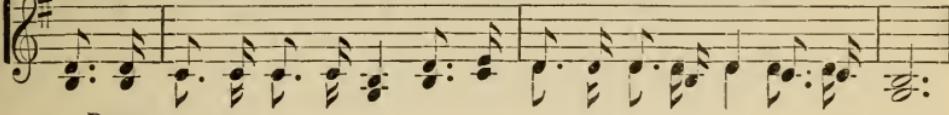
1. Tell the sto - ry, ten - der, sweet, At the Sav - ior's wounded feet I have
 2. Tell the sto - ry o'er and o'er, I have o - pened wide the door Where the
 3. Tell the sto - ry, ten - der,sweet, All its match-less strains re-peat,—Of a



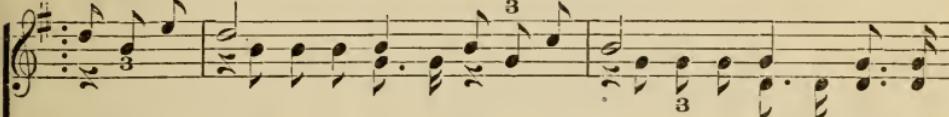
found re-deem-ing mer - cy, full and free, And a flood of rap-ture glows
 Sav - ior knocked and waited day by day, Now His praise I love to sing,
 soul re-deemed and filled with love di - vine; Now for Christ a - lone I live,



In my heart and o - ver-flows, For the love of Je - sus saves o - ven me.
 My Re - deem-er, Sav-ior,King, And His word my soul de-lights to o - bey.
 And to Him my serv-ice give, For the love of Je - sus now is mine.



REFRAIN.

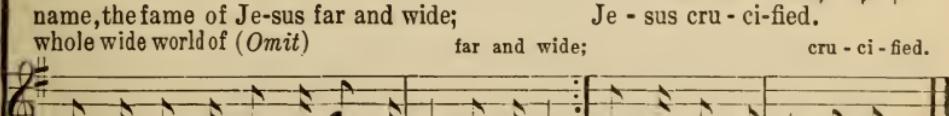


Crown Him with glo - ry, Tell the sweet sto - ry, Tell the
 Crown him with glo - ry, Tell the sweet sto - ry,



name, the fame of Je-sus far and wide; Je - sus cru - ci-fied.

whole wide world of (Omit) far and wide; cru - ci-fied.



No. 76.

How Long, O Lord?

J. G. DECK.

Arr. from MENDELSSOHN.

1. How long, O Lord, our Sav-ior, Wilt Thou re-main a-way? Our hearts are
2. How long, O heav'ly bridegroom, How long wilt Thou de-lay? And yet how
3. Oh, wake Thy slumb'ring virgins; Send forth the solemn cry, Let all Thy

grow-ing wea - ry At Thy so long de - lay. Oh, when shall come the moment,
few are grieving, That Thou dost ab - sent stay. The ver - y bride her por-tion
saints repeat it—"The Bridegroom draweth nigh!" May all our lamps be burning,

When, brighter far than morn, The sunshine of Thy glo - ry Shall on Thy peo-ple
And calling hath forgot, And seeks for ease and glo-ry Where Thou, her Lord, art
Our loins well gird-ed be, Each longing heart pre-par - ing With joy Thy face to

dawn? The sun-shine of Thy glo - ry Shall on Thy peo-ple dawn?
not; And seeks for ease and glo - ry Where Thou, her Lord, are not.
see; Each long-ing heart pre-par - ing With joy Thy face to see!
Shall on Thy peo - ple dawn?

No. 77.

The Light of the World.

J. V. C.

Arranged.

1. All ye saints of light pro-claim, Je-sus, the Light of the world;
2. Hear the Sav - ior's ear - nest call, Je-sus, the Light of the world;
3. Why not seek Him then to - day? Je-sus, the Light of the world;
4. Come, con-fess Him as your King, Je-sus, the Light of the world;

Life and mer - cy in His name, Je-sus, the Light of the world.
 Send the gos - pel truth to all, Je-sus, the Light of the world.
 Go with truth the nar - row way, Je-sus, the Light of the world.
 Then the bells of heav'n will ring, Je-sus, the Light of the world.

CHORUS.

We'll walk in the light, beautiful light, Come where the dew-drops of mercy are bright;

Shine all a-round us by day and by night, Je-sus, the Light of the world.

No. 78.

What Then?

E. A. HOFFMAN.

W. S. NICKLE.



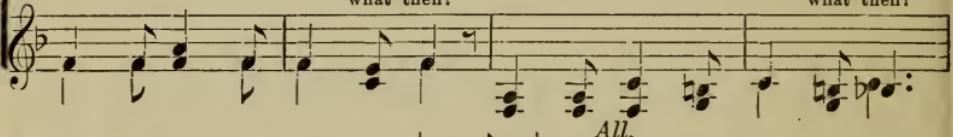
1. Aft - er the pleasures of life are o'er, And you shall stand, face to the shore
2. Aft - er the pulses shall cease to beat, When at the throne the Lord you meet,
3. Aft - er your heart is hushed and still, Aft - er the death-dews, damp and chill,
4. Aft - er the trump-et's aw - ful blast, Aft - er the judgment shall be past,



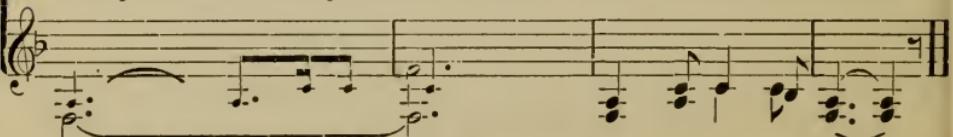
Of the dim land of the ev - er - more, Care - less soul, what then?
 Wait-ing your doom at the judg-ment seat, Care - less soul, what then?
 O - ver your frame of mor - tali - ty thrill, Care - less soul, what then?
 When you have come to your doom at last, Poor, lost soul, what then?



All.
 Care - less soul, what then?..... Care - less soul, what then?.....
 Care - less soul, what then?..... Care - less soul, what then?.....
 Care - less soul, what then?..... Care - less soul, what then?.....
 Poor, lost soul, what then?.... what then?..... Poor, lost soul, what then?..... what then?



Aft - er the pleas-ures of life are o'er, Care - less soul, what then?
 Wait-ing your doom at the judg-ment seat, Care - less soul, what then?
 Aft - er your heart is hushed and still, Care - less soul, what then?
 When you have come to your doom at last, Poor, lost soul, what then?



No. 79.

No, Not One.

JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

GEO. C. HUGG.

1. There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!
2. No friend like Him is so high and ho - ly, No, not one! on, not one!
3. There's not an hour that He is not near us, No, not one, no, not one!
4. Did ev - er saint find this friend for-sake Him? No, not one, no, not one!
5. Was e'er a gift like the Sav - ior giv - en? No, not one! no, not one!

None else could heal all our soul's dis - eas-es, No, not one! no, not one!
 And yet no friend is so meek and low - ly, No, not one! no, not one!
 No night so dark but His love can cheer us, No, not one! no, not one!
 Or sin - ner find that He would not take him? No, not one! no, not one!
 Will He re - fuse us a home in heav-en? No, not one! no, not one!

CHORUS.

Je - sus knows all a - bout our struggles, He will guide till the day is done,

There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!

No. 80.

The Lord Knows Why.

JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr,

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I may not know the rea-son why Dark clouds so oft - en veil the sky,
2. I may not know why I am led So oft - en in the paths I dread,
3. I may not know why death should come, To take the dear ones from my home,
4. So, tho' I may not un - der-stand The lead - ings of my Fa-ther's hand,

But tho' my sea be smooth or rough, The Lord knows why, and that's e-nough.
But, trust-ing Him, I'll press my way, The Lord knows why—I will o - bey.
But, tho' mine eyes with tears be dim, The Lord knows why—I'll trust in Him.
I know to all He has the key, He un - der-stands each mys-ter - y.

CHORUS.

O yes, He knows, the Lord knows why These things are order'd from on high;
from on high

And tho' dark clouds may hide the sun, The Lord knows why—His will be done.

No. 81.

I Remember Galvary.

Rev. W. C. MARTIN.

J. M. BLACK.

1. Where He may lead me I will go, For I have learned to trust Him so,
2. O I de - light in His command, Love to be led by His dear hand;
3. On-ward I go, nor doubt nor fear, Hap - py with Christ, my Sav-ior, near,

And I re - mem-ber'twas for me That He was slain on Cal - va - ry.
 His di - vine will is sweet to me, Hallowed by blood-stain'd Cal - va - ry.
 Trust-ing that I some day shall see Je - sus, my Friend, of Cal - va - ry.

CHORUS.

Je - sus shall lead me night and day, Je-sus shall lead me all the way;

He is the tru - est Friend to me, For I re - mem-ber Cal - va - ry.

No. 82. Lead Me Gently Home, Father.

W. L. T.

Solo or Duet and Chorus.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

Musical score for the first section of the song, featuring two staves of music. The top staff is for a solo instrument (likely piano) and the bottom staff is for a bass instrument (likely cello or double bass). The key signature is B-flat major (two flats), and the time signature is common time (indicated by a '4'). The music consists of eighth-note chords and rests.

1. Lead me gen-tly home, Father, Lead me gen-tly home, When life's toils are
2. Lead me gen-tly home, Father, Lead me gen-tly home, In life's darkest

Continuation of the musical score with lyrics. The bass part continues with eighth-note chords. The vocal part begins with the words "end-ed, And part-ing days have come, Sin no more can tempt me, Ne'er from".

hours, Father, When life's troubles come, Keep my feet from wand'ring, Lest from

Continuation of the musical score with lyrics. The bass part continues with eighth-note chords. The vocal part concludes with "Thee I'll roam, If Thou'l on-ly lead me, Father, Lead me gently home. Thee I roam, Lest I fall up-on the wayside, Lead me gently home."

CHORUS.

Musical score for the chorus, featuring two staves of music. The top staff is for a solo instrument (likely piano) and the bottom staff is for a bass instrument (likely cello or double bass). The key signature is B-flat major (two flats), and the time signature is common time (indicated by a '4'). The music consists of eighth-note chords and rests.

Lead me gen-tly home, Fa-ther, Lead me gen-tly
Lead me gen-tly home, Father, Lead me gen-tly home, Fa-ther,

Continuation of the musical score for the chorus. The bass part continues with eighth-note chords. The vocal part begins with "Lest I fall up - on the way-side, Lead me gen - tly home. gen - tly home."

Continuation of the musical score for the chorus. The bass part continues with eighth-note chords. The vocal part concludes with "gen - tly home."

Lest I fall up - on the way-side, Lead me gen - tly home. gen - tly home.

Final section of the musical score, featuring two staves of music. The top staff is for a solo instrument (likely piano) and the bottom staff is for a bass instrument (likely cello or double bass). The key signature is B-flat major (two flats), and the time signature is common time (indicated by a '4'). The music consists of eighth-note chords and rests.

No. 83.

Scattering Precious Seed.

W. A. OGDEN.

GEO. C. HUGG.

1. Scatter - ing pre - cious seed by the way - side, Scatter - ing
 2. Scatter - ing pre - cious seed for the grow - ing, Scatter - ing
 3. Scatter - ing pre - cious seed, doubt-ing nev - er, Scatter - ing

pre - cious seed by the hill - side; Scatter - ing pre- cious seed
 pre - cious seed, free - ly sow - ing; Scatter - ing pre- cious seed,
 pre - cious seed, trust - ing ev - er; Sow - ing the word with pray'r

o'er the field, wide, Scatter - ing pre- cious seed by the way.
 trust - ing, know-ing, Sure - ly the Lord will send it the rain.
 and en - deav - or, Trust-ing the Lord for growth and for yield.

CHORUS.

Sow - ing in the morn - ing, Sow - ing at the
 { Sow - ing in the ev - 'ning,
 Sowing the precious seed. Sowing the precious seed, Sowing the seed at noon tide.

noon - tide; Sowing the precious seed by the way.....
 Sowing the pre- cious seed: by the way.

No. 84.

I Love Him.

London Hymn Book.

S. C. FOSTER.

1. Gone from my heart the world and all its charms, Now thro' the blood, I'm
 2. Once I was lost, and way down deep in sin, Once was a slave to
 3. Once I was bound, but now I am set free, Once I was blind, but

saved from all a-larms; Down at the cross my heart is bend-ing low,
 pass-ions fierce with-in; Once was a-fraid to meet an an-gry God,
 now the light I see; Once I was dead, but now in Christ I live,

The pre-cious blood of Je-sus cleans-es white as snow.
 But now I'm cleansed from ev - ry stain thro' Je - sus' blood.
 To tell the world a-round the peace that He doth give.

I love Him, I love Him, Be - cause He first loved me,

And pur - chased my sal - va - tion on Cal - v'ry's tree.

No. 85.

Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Rev. C. WESLEY.

JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK.

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,
 2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help - less soul on Thee;
 3. Wilt thou not re - gard my call? Wilt thou not ac - cept my pray'r?

While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high.
 Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and comfort me;
 Lo, I sink, I faint, I fall! Lo, on thee I cast my care;

Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
 All my trust on thee is stayed, All my help from thee I bring;
 Reach me out thy gra - cious hand! While I of thy strength re - ceive,

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last!
 Cov - er my de - fence-less head With the shad - ow of thy wing.
 Hop - ing a - gainst hope I stand, Dy - ing, and be - hold I livel

4. Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
 More than all in thee I find:
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 Just and holy is thy name;
 I am all unrighteousness;
 False and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

5. Plenteous grace with thee is found,
 Grace to cover all my sin;
 Let the healing streams abound;
 Make and keep me pure within.
 Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of thee,
 Spring thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

No. 86.

Send the Light.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. There's a call comes ring-ing o'er the rest-less wave, "Send the light,
 2. We have heard the Ma - ce - do - nian call to-day, "Send the light,
 3. Let us pray that grace may ev-'ry-where a-bound, Send the light,
 4. Let us not grow wea-ry in the work of love, Send the light,

Send the light,

Send the light!" There are souls to res-cue, there are souls to save,
 Send the light!" And a gold-en off'ring at the cross we lay,
 Send the light! And a Christ-like spir-it ev-'ry-where is found,
 Send the light! Let us gath-er jew-els for a crown a-bove,

Send the light!

Send the light, Send the light! Send the light!

Send the light!

Send the light!

CHORUS.

Send the light,..... the bless-ed gos - pel light, Let it
 Send the light, the bless-ed gos - pel light.

shine..... from shore to shore!..... Send the light!.... and let its
 Let it shine from shore to shore! Send the light! and

Send the Light.

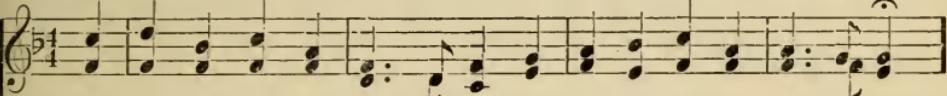
ra - diant beams Light the world.... for-ev - er - more
let its ra-diant beams Light the world for-ev - er-more.



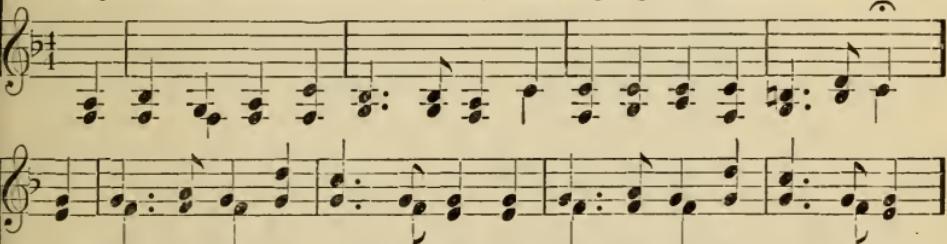
No. 87. I Hear a Voice, 'Tis Sad and Sweet.

ROBERT F. SEMPLE, D. D.

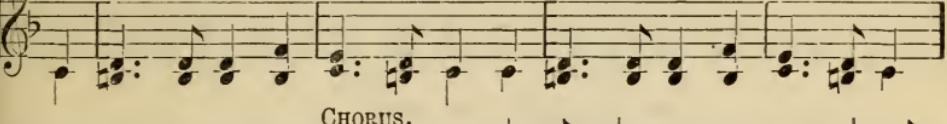
BEARDSLEY VAN DE WATER.



1. I hear a voice, 'tis soft and sweet, It bids my sin-sick soul re-joice;
2. When weary with my load of guilt, I'll not for-get that "Christ is all;"
3. My soul is troub-led like the sea, The surg-ing bil-lows roll a-round;



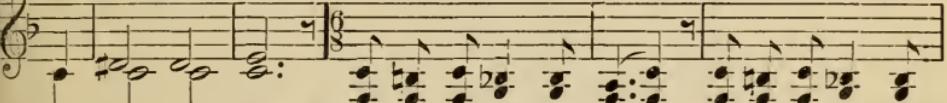
The same was heard in Sa-lem's street, And in the mountain's cool retreat,
For me His precious blood was spilt; He sweet-ly says, "Come, if thou wilt;"
But He who calmed far Gal - i - lee Doth kind - ly say, "Peace be to thee;"



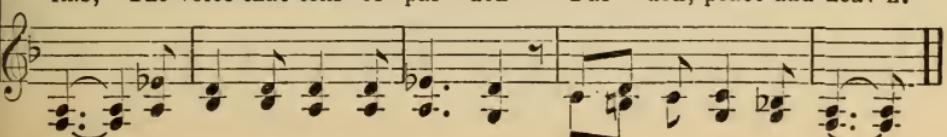
CHORUS.



My Sav-i-or's voice.
How glad the call! Sweet-er than chiming bells, Soft-er than eve-ning
How blest the sound!



rills, The voice that tells of par - don— Par - don, peace and heav'n.

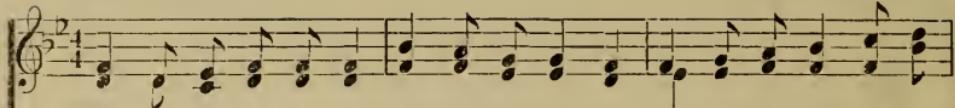


No. 88.

Rescue The Perishing.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

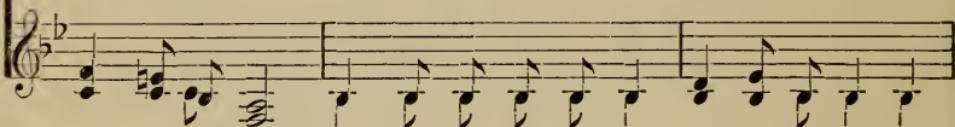
Dr. W. H. DOANE.



1. Res-cue the per - ish - ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pit - ty from
2. Tho' they're slighting Him, Still He is wait-ing, Wait-ing the pen - i - tent
3. Down in the human heart, Crushed by the tempter, Feelings lie bur - ied that
4. Res-cue the per - ish - ing, Du - ty de - mands it; Strength for thy la-bor the



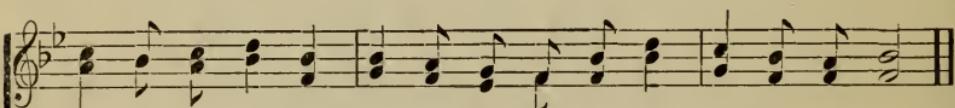
sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err - ing ones, Lift up the fall - en, child to re - ceive; Plead with them earn-est - ly, Plead with them gen-tly; grace can re - store; Touched by a lov - iug heart, Wak-ened by kind-ness, Lord will pro - vide, Back to the nar - row way, Pa - tient - ly win them;



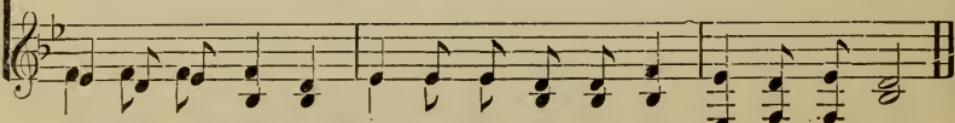
CHORUS.



Tell them of Je - sus, the might-y to save.
He will for - give if they on - ly be - lieve. Res - cue the per - ish-ing,
Chords that were bro - ken will vi - brate once more.
Tell the poor wand'rer a Sav - ior has died.



Care for the dy - ing: Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save.



No. 89.

The Homeland.

B. H. WINSLOW.

GEO. F. ROSCHE.

1. The home-land, O the home-land! That land so bright and fair; When
 2. The home-land, O the home-land! What joys a - wait us there; What
 3. The home-land, O the home-land! Where ma-ny man-sions be, With

earth - ly cares op - press me My soul looks up-ward there, Where pain and
 robes and crowns of glo - ry The Lord's dear ones shall wear; What rapturous
 my - riad voi - ces sing - ing Be - side the crys - tal sea; In fields of

care and sor - row Shall nev - er, nev - er come, Where Je - sus has pre-
 end - less pleas - ures Are there at God's right hand; O land of fade-less
 light and beau - ty Our bless - ed loved ones roam; O when shall I be-

CHORUS.

pared us A blest e - ter-nal home.

beau - ty, The soul's blest Father-land. The homeland, the homeland, the land so
 hold thee, My soul's e - ter-nal home!

bright and fair; O when shall I be - hold thee, My soul's e - ter - nal home.

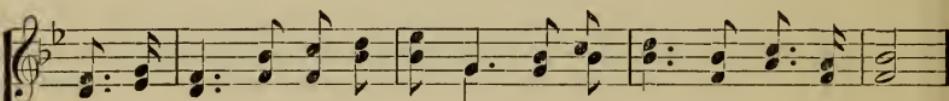
No. 90. Let the Lower Lights be Burning.

P. P. B.

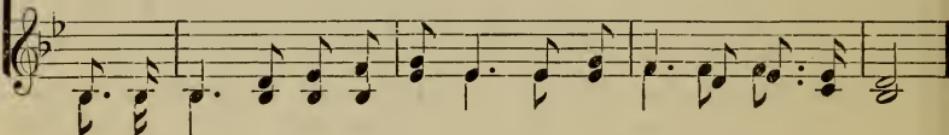
P. P. BLISS.



1. Bright-ly beams our Fa-ther's mer - cy From His light-house ev - er - more,
2. Dark the night of sin has set - tled, Loud the an - gry bil-lows roar;
3. Trim your fee - ble lamp, my broth-er: Some poor sail - or tem-peст toss'd,



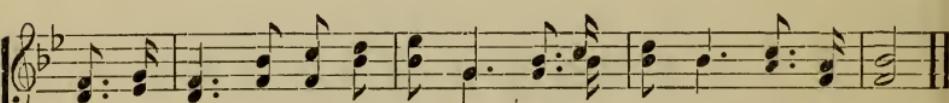
But to us He gives the keep - ing Of the lights a - long the shore.
Ea - ger eyes are watching, long-ing, For the lights a - long the shore.
Try - ing now to reach the har - bor, In the dark - ness may be lost.



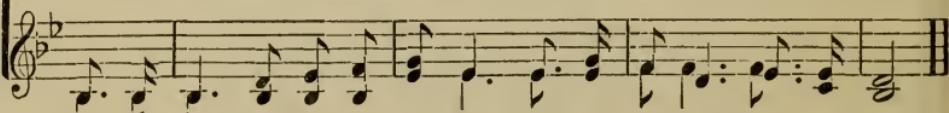
CHORUS.



Let the low - er lights be burn-ing! Send a gleam a - cross the wave!



Some poor faint-ing strug-gling sea - man You may res - cue, you may save.



No. 91.

Sunlight.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

W. S. WEEDEN.

1. I wan - der'd in the shades of night, Till Je - sus came to me,
2. Tho' clouds may gath - er in the sky, And bil - lows round me roll,
3. While walk - ing in the light of God, I sweet com-mun - ion find;
4. I cross the wide ex - tend - ed fields, I jour - ney o'er the plains,

And with the sun - light of His love Bid all my dark - ness flee.
How - ev - er dark the world may be, I've sun - light in my soul.
I press with ho - ly vig - or on, And leave the world be - hind.
And in the sun - light of His love I reap the gold - en grain.

CHORUS.

Sun - light, sun - light in my soul to - day, Sun - light, sun-light
to - day, yes.

all a - long the way; Since the Sav - ior found me, took a -
nar - row way.

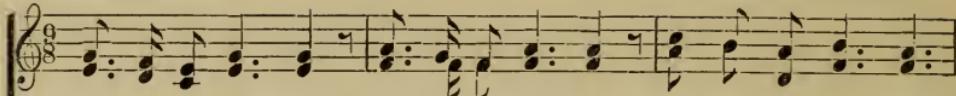
way my sin, I have had the sun-light of His love with - in.
load of sin,

No. 92.

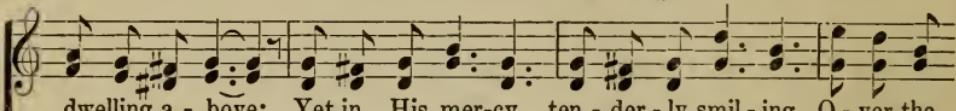
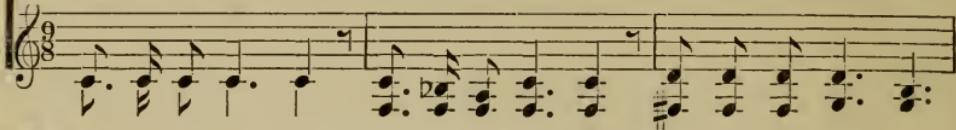
Wonderful Savior.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

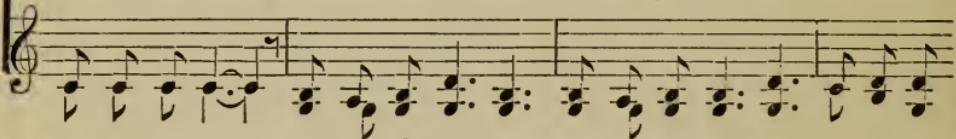
Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP.



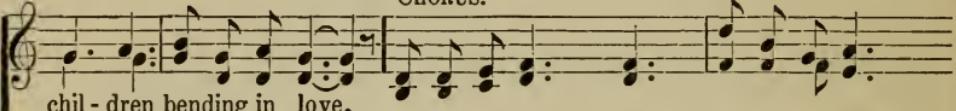
1. Won-der-ful Sav - ior, bless - ed Re-deem-er, Ev - er in glo - ry,
 2. Sing of His great-ness, in - fi-nite great-ness, Sing of His good-ness
 3. He is our ref - uge, He is our safe - guard, Peace to the youth - ful



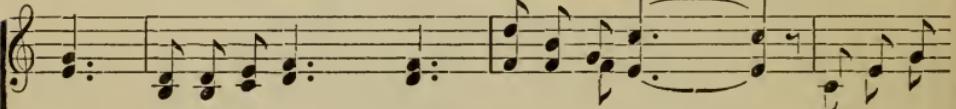
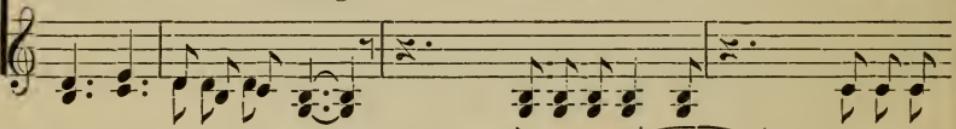
dwell-ing a - bove; Yet in His mer-cy ten - der - ly smil - ing, O - ver the
 day aft - er day; Guarding from e - vil, shielding from dan-ger, Leading us
 kind-ly He brings; Sweet is the prom-ise He will pro-tect us, He will de-



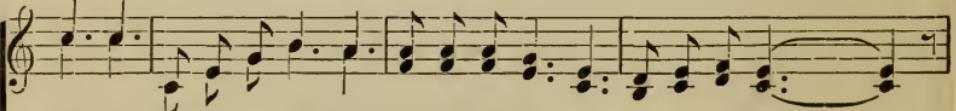
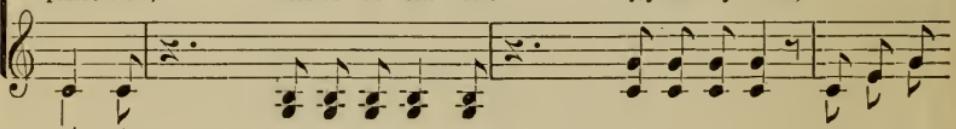
CHORUS.



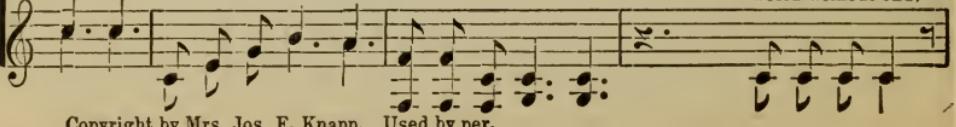
chil - dren bending in love.
 on-ward, cheering the way. We will a - dore Him, gather and praise
 fend us un - der His wings. We will a - dore Him, gather and



Him, Voic-es in con - cert joy - ful - ly blend; His be the
 praise Him, Voic-es in con - cert joy - ful - ly blend;



kingdom, pow-er and glo-ry, Now and for-ev-er, world without end;
 world without end;



Wonderful Savior.



His be the kingdom, power and glo-ry, Now and for-ev-er, world without end.

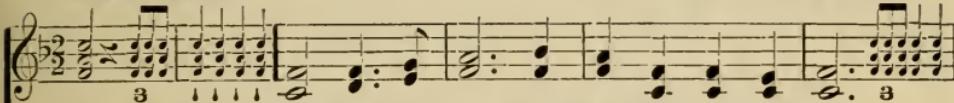


No. 93.

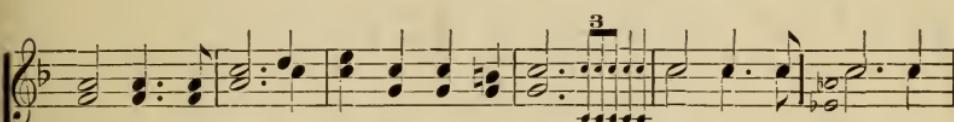
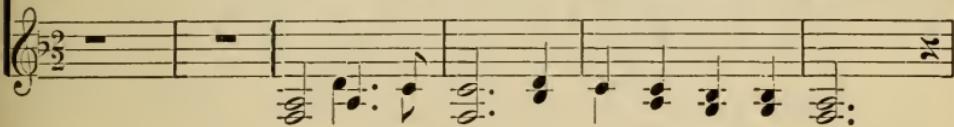
God of Our Fathers.

DANIEL C. ROBERTS.

GEORGE WILLIAM WARREN.

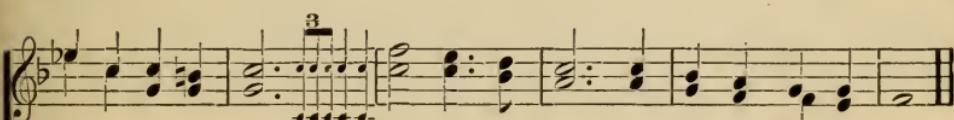
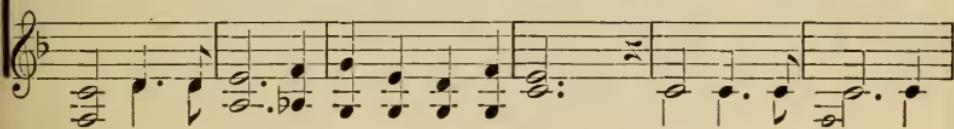


1. God of our fa - thers, whose al - might-y hand
2. Thy love di - vine hath led us in the past;
3. From war's a - larms, from deadly pest - i - lence,
4. Re - fresh Thy peo - ple on their toil-some way,



Leads forth in beauty all the star - ry band
In this free land by Thee our lot is cast;
Be Thy strong arm our ev - er sure de-fence;
Lead us from night to nev - er-end-ing day;

Of shin - ing worlds in
Be Thou our rul - er,
Thy true re - lig - ion
Fill all our lives with



splendor thro' the skies,
guardian,guide and stay,
in our heart in - crease,
love and grace di-vine,

Our grate-ful songs be - fore Thy throne a-rise.
Thy word our law, Thy paths our chosen way.
Thy bounteous good-ness nourish us in peace.
And glo - ry, laud and praise be ev - er Thine.



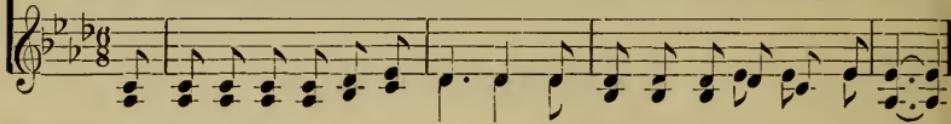
No. 94. Oh, Tell Me the Story of Jesus.

E. A. H.

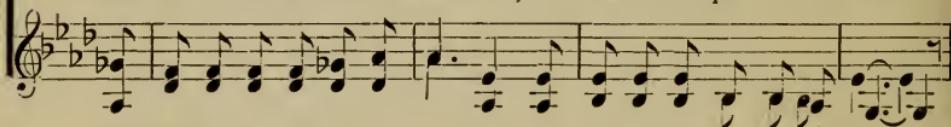
Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



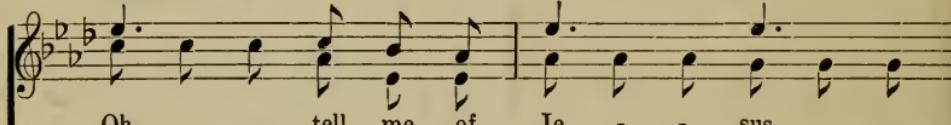
1. Oh, tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, The won-der - ful Sav - ior of men!
2. Oh, tell the sweet sto - ry of Je - sus, Whose mercy and grace are so free!
3. Oh, tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus! This Sav - ior, so pre-cious to you,
4. Oh, tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus! I love the sweet message to hear;



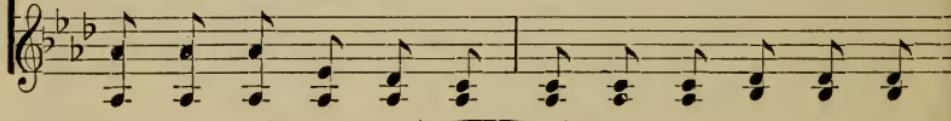
It is such a beau-ti - ful sto - ry; Re - peat it a - gain and a - gain.
He loves ev - 'ry pen - i-tent sin - ner; He ten - der-ly loves e - ven me.
To me will be none the less dear - er, And I will be-lieve on Him, too.
He is such a won-der-ful Sav - ior; No oth - er so pre-cious and dear.



CHORUS.



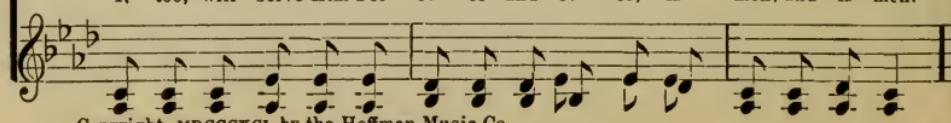
Oh, tell me the beau - ti - ful sto - ry of Je - sus, The



The Sav - ior of men, And, I, too, will
won - der - ful, mer - ci - ful Sav - ior of men; I, too, will love Him, and



love and serve Him For - - ev - er, A - men!
I, too, will serve Him For - ev - er and ev - er. A - men, and A - men!



No. 95

I Would Thy Disciple be.

EMILY C. PEARSON.

S. W. STRAUB.

1. To thee, dear Sav-i-or, I draw near; Thy guid-ing words I love to hear;
 2. Should faith grow dim and clouds of night Ob-scure the shin-ing of the light,
 3. O wondrous mes-sage for all time, The lov - ing Savior's words sublime,

I would Thy true dis - ci - ple be, I'll take my cross and fol - low Thee.
 Still I would Thy dis - ci - ple be, Take up my cross and fol - low Thee.
 "If thou wouldst My dis - ci - ple be, Take up thy cross and fol - low Me."

CHORUS.

Each day, each day O strength-en me, To
 Each day, each day O strength-en me, To

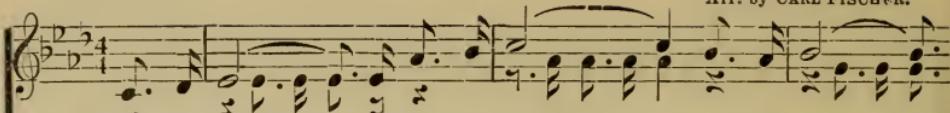
bear my cross and fol - low Thee, Each day' each day O strengthen
 fol - low, to fol - low Thee, Each day. O

ine, strength-en me. To bear my cross and fol - low Thee.

No. 96.

On Galvary.

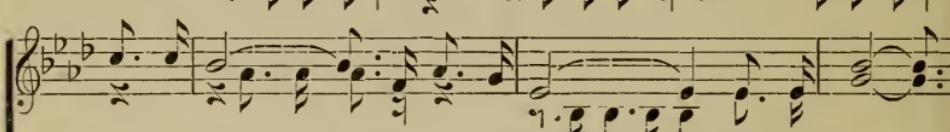
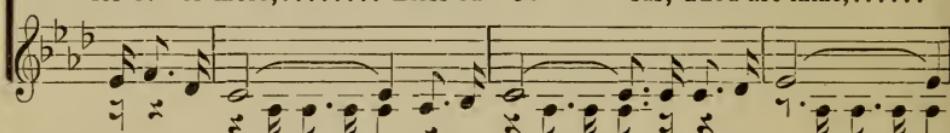
Arr. by CARL FISCHER.



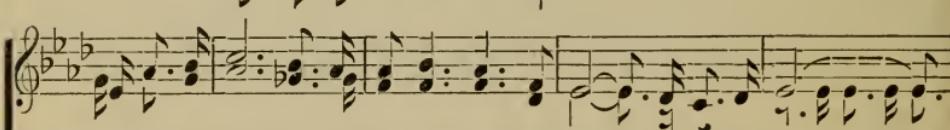
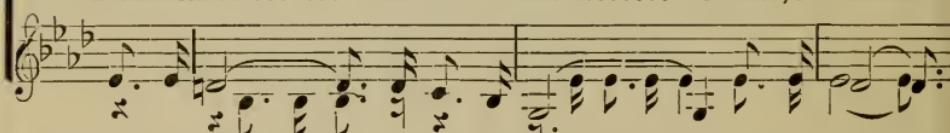
1. On the cross..... of Cal - va - ry,..... Je - sus died.....
 2. O what won - drous, wondrous love,..... Brought me down.....
 3. Clouds and dark - ness veil'd the skies,..... When the Lord
 4. Take me, Je - sus, I am Thine,..... Whol - ly Thine



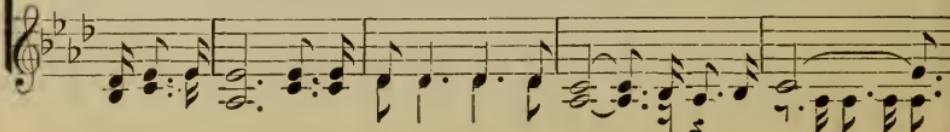
for you and me;..... There He shed..... His precious blood,.....
 at Je-sus' feet!..... O such won - drous, dy-ing love,.....
 was cru-ci - fied;..... "It is fin - ished!" was His cry,.....
 for-ev - er-more;..... Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou art mine,.....



That from sin..... we might be free..... O the cleans-
 Asks a sac - ri - fice com-plete..... Here I give
 When He bow'd..... His head and died..... It is fin-
 Dwell with-in..... for - ev - er - more..... Cleanse,O cleanse



ing stream doth flow, And it washes white as snow: It was for me.....
 my-self to Thee, Soul and body Thine to be: It was for me.....
 ish'd, it is finish'd, All the world may now go free: If was for me.....
 my heart from sin, Make and keep me pure within: It was for me.....



On Galvary.

FINE CHORUS.

that Je-sus died.....
 Thy blood was shed..... On the cross of Cai - va - ry. On Cal-va-
 Thy blood was shed.....
 that Je-sus died.....



D.S.—that Je-sus died..... On the cross of Cal - va - ry.

D. S.

ry..... on Cal - va - ry,..... It was for me.....
 On Cal - va - ry, on Cal - va - ry, It was for me

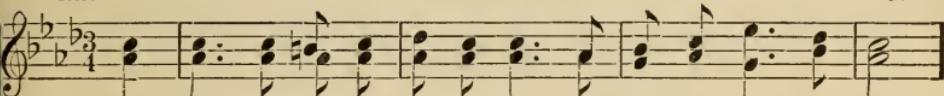


No. 97.

The last Song.

Arr.

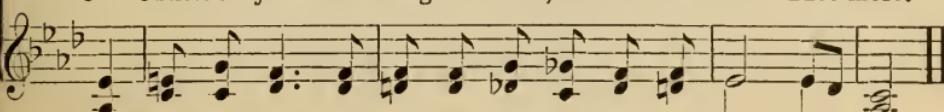
G.



1. The winds are hushed; the peaceful moon Looks down on Zi-on's hill;
2. How soft, how ho - ly is the light! But hark! a sweet, low song,
3. 'Tis Je-sus and His faith-ful few That soul-deep hymn who pour;



The cit - y sleeps, 'tis night's calm noon And all the streets are still.
 As gen - tle as the dews of night Floats on the air a - long.
 O Christ! may we the song re - new, And learn to love Thee more.



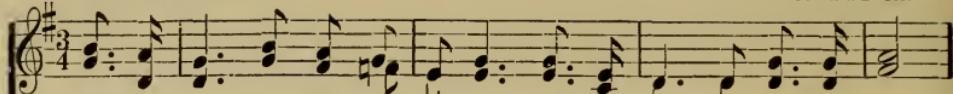
Used by per.

No. 98.

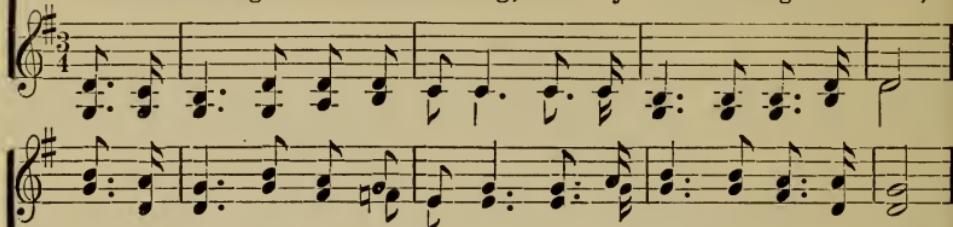
Walk Beside Me.

KATHARINE E. PURVIS.

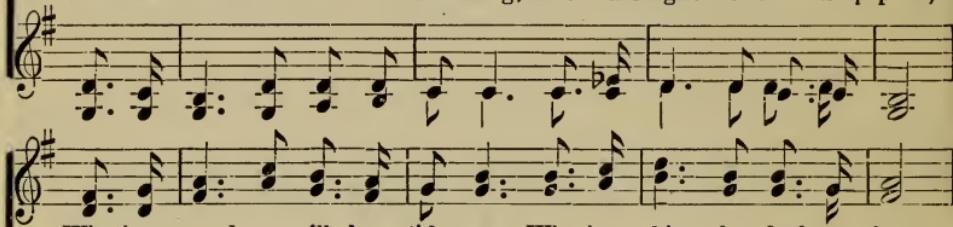
J. M. BLACK.



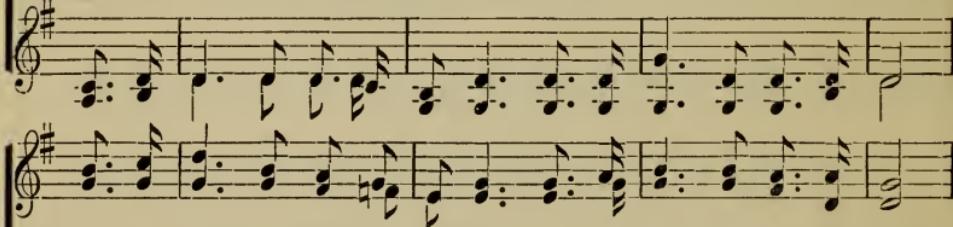
1. Walk be - side me, O my Sav - ior, While life's morn-ing sky is bright;
2. When the noontide's glow-ing splendor Brings its weight of toil and care,
3. When the twi-light shades de-scend-ing, Warn my soul that night is near,



Grant me now Thy lov - ing fav - or, Flood my path with heav'n-ly light;
May thy love so pure and ten - der, All my heav - y bur-dens bear!
With the hues of sun - set blend-ing, Let the light of heav'n ap-pear;



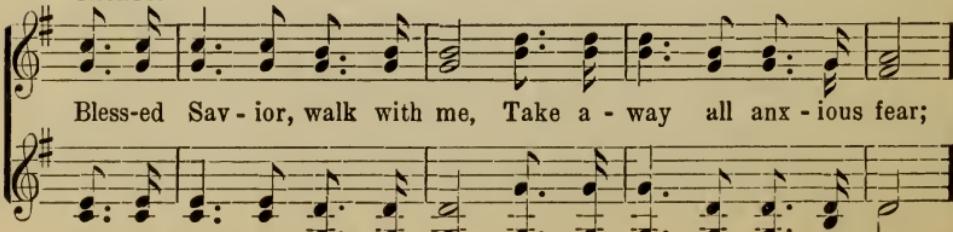
Wheth-er good or ill be - tide me, Wheth-er skies be dark or clear,
In a wea - ry land, pro-vide me Shelt'ring rock and cool-ing spring;
Thro' the val - ley, Sav - ior, take me, Close my eyes when night shall come,



Ev - er stay so close be - side me, I may know and feel Thee near.
When the tem - pest rag - es, hide me, Un - der-neath Thy fold - ed wing.
Then bid an - gel voic - es wake me, Sweet-ly singing, "Welcome home."

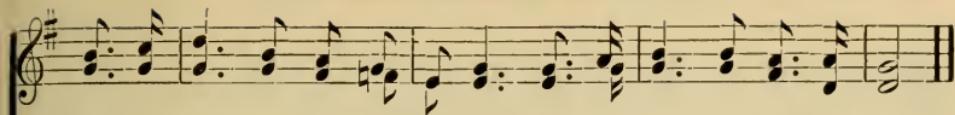


CHORUS.



Bless-ed Sav - ior, walk with me, Take a - way all anx - ious fear;

Walk Beside Me.



Ev - er stay so close be-side me, I may know and feel Thee near.



No. 99 What Hast Thou Done for Me?

MISS FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

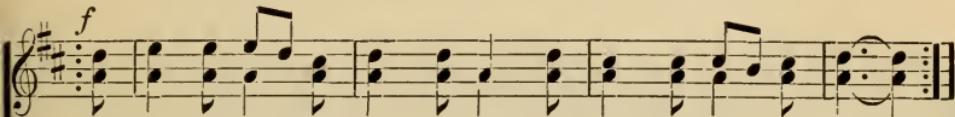
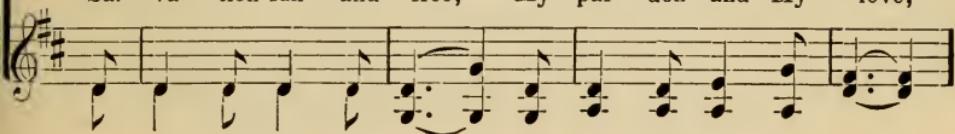
P. P. BLISS.



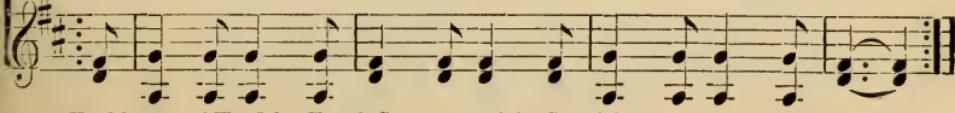
1. I gave My life for thee, My pre - cious blood I shed,
2. My Fa - ther's house of light,— My glo - ry - cir - cled throne
3. I suf - fered much for thee, More than thy tongue can tell,
4. And I have wrought to thee, Down from My home a - bove,



That thou might'stransomed be And quickened from the dead;
I left, for earth - ly night, For wanderings sad and lone;
Of bitt'rest ag - o - ny, To res - cue thee from hell;
Sal - va - tion full and free, My par - don and My love;

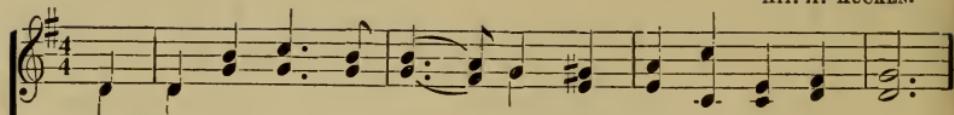


I gave, I gave My life for thee, What hast thou given for Me?
I left, I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for Me?
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for Me?
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee, What hast thou brought to Me?

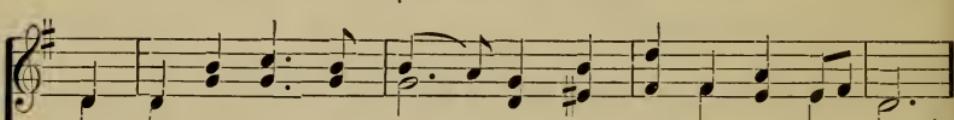
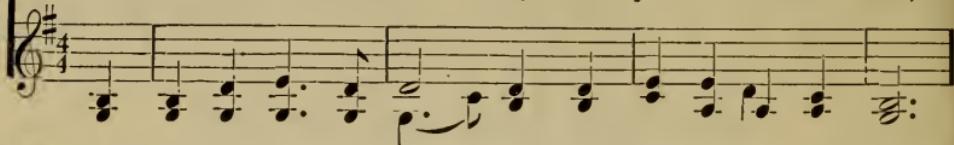


No. 100. In Heavenly Love Abiding.

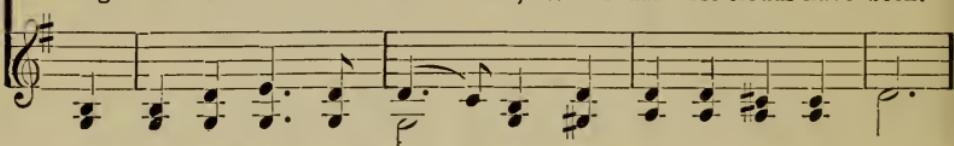
Arr. fr. KUCKEN.



1. In heav'n-ly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear;
2. Wher - ev - er He may guide me, No want shall turn me back;
3. Green pas-tures are be - fore me, Which yet I have not seen;

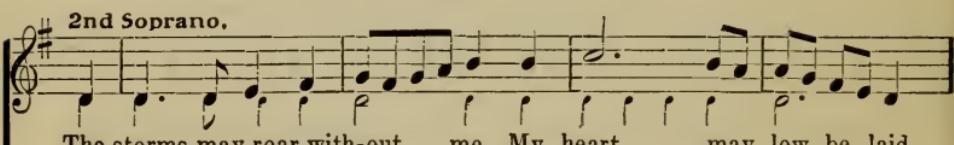


And safe in such con - fid - ing, For noth-ing chang - es here.
My Shep-herd is be - side me, And noth-ing can I lack.
Bright skies will soon be o'er me, Where dark-est clouds have been.

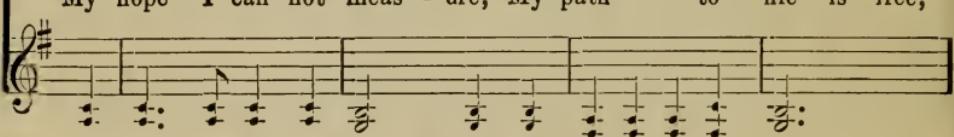


Parts in small notes may be hummed and sustained.

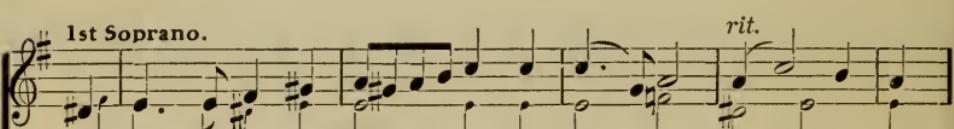
2nd Soprano.



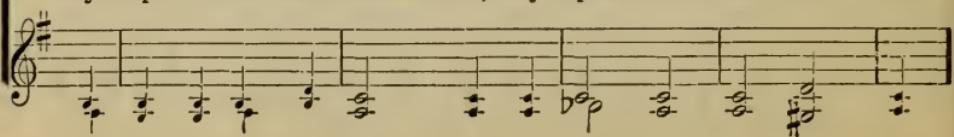
The storms may roar with-out me, My heart may low be laid,
His wis - dom ev - er wak - eth, His sight is nev - er dim,
My hope I can not meas - ure, My path to life is free,



1st Soprano.



The storms may roar with-out me, My heart may low be laid.
His wis - dom ev - er wak - eth, His sight is nev - er dim,
My hope I can not meas - ure, My path to life is free.



In Heavenly Love Abiding.

Faster.

But God is 'round (but God is 'round) a - bout me (a - bout me), And
He knows the way (He knows the way) He tak - eth (He tak - eth), And
My Sav-ior has (my Sav- ior has) my treas - ure (my treas-ure), And

be dis - mayed
walk, and I
walk with me,

can I be (and can I be) dis-mayed, and can I be dis-mayed, and
I will walk (and I will walk), and I will walk with Him, and I will
He will walk (and He will walk) with me, and He will walk with me, and

Can
Walk
He

can I be dis-mayed. Be (and can I be) dis-mayed, Be (and
walk, will walk with Him. Walk (and I will walk) with Him, Walk (and
He will walk with me. Walk (and He will walk) with me, Walk (and

can I be) dis-mayed, And can I be dis - mayed.
I will walk) with Him, And I will walk with Him.
He will walk) with me, And He will walk with me.

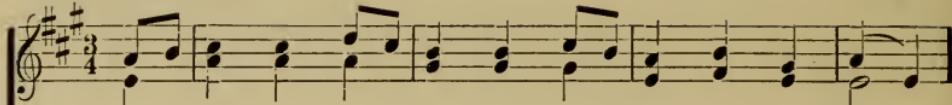
*The last eight measures may be sung as a Coda. after last stanza only.

No. 101.

What Seraph-like Music.

MARY S. B. DANA.

Old Air.



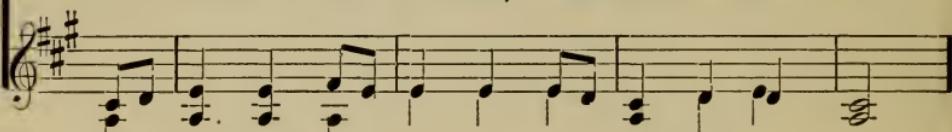
1. What ser - aph - like mu - sic steals o - ver the sea,
 2. At Jor - dan's lone riv - er I ea - ger - ly stand,
 2. Tho' cold are the bil - lows, and dark is the wave,



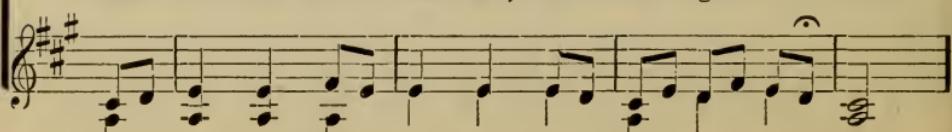
En - tranc - ing my sen - ses with charmed mel - o - dy?
 And stretch forth my hands to yon, beau - ti - ful land.
 With Je - sus be - side me, the sur - ges I'll brave.



What ser - aph - like mu - sic steals o - ver the sea,
 At Jor - dan's lone riv - er I ea - ger - ly stand,
 Tho' cold are the bil - lows, and dark is the wave



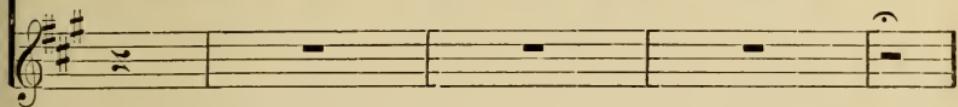
En - tranc - ing my sen - ses with charmed mel - o - dy?
 And stretch forth my hands to yon, beau - ti - ful land.
 With Je - sus be - side me, the sur - ges I'll brave.



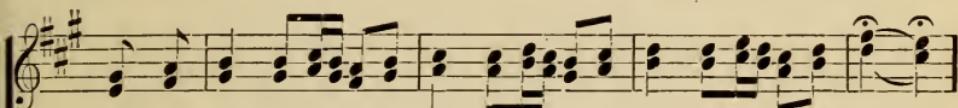
What Seraph-Like Music.



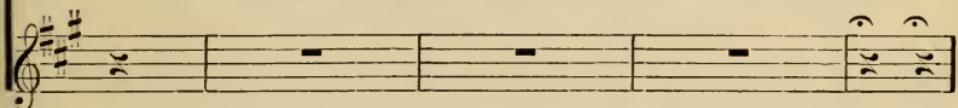
'Tis the song of the an - gels, borne soft on the air;
Send a con - voy of an - gels, dear Sav - ior, I pray!
For the heav - en - ly mu - sic has rav - ished me so,



'Tis for me they are sing - ing; my wel - come I hear;
Let me join their sweet mu - sic; a - way, O, a - way;
I must join the loud cho - rus; I'll go, yes, I'll go!



'Tis the song of the an - gels, borne soft on the air;
Send a con - voy of an - gels, dear Sav - ior, I pray!
For the heav - en - ly mu - sic has rav - ished me so,



'Tis for me they are sing - ing; my wel - come I hear.
Let me join their sweet mu - sic; a - way, O, a - way!
I must join the loud cho - rus; I'll go, yes, I'll go!

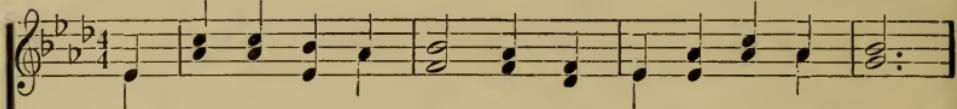


No. 102.

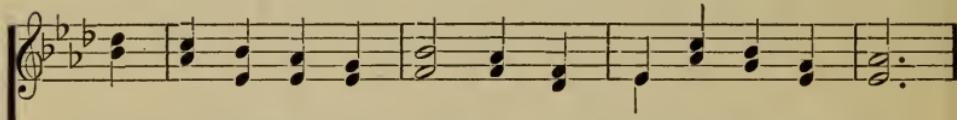
Footsteps of Jesus.

LIZZIE ASBACH.

GEO. J. KURZENKNABE.



1. Come, fol - low in the foot - steps Which Je - sus left for Thee;
2. Je - sus for us has trav - eled The path of grief with - in;
3. And He has left plain foot - steps, By His ex - am - ple giv'n;
4. Then fol - low in these foot - steps, Which you may plainly see;



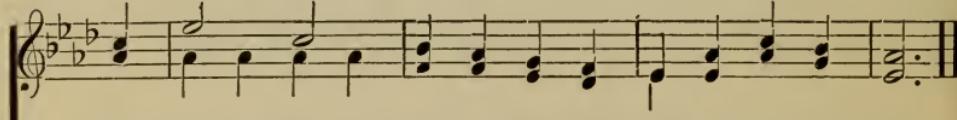
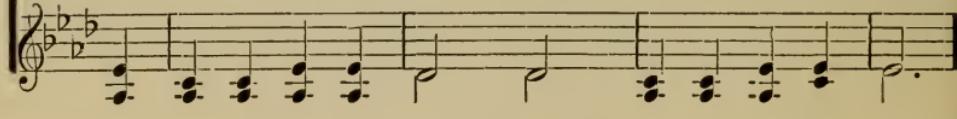
Those foot-prints marked so plain - ly, May your ex - am - ple be.
 He lived a life of sor - row, But yet He knew not sin.
 If in His steps we fol - low, We'll rest with Him in heav'n.
 Let Christ by His ex - am - ple, Your per - fect pat-tern be.



CHORUS.



Come, fol - low in the foot-steps Je - sus left for thee,
 Come, fol - low in His foot - steps



Oh, let the bless - ed Savior Your ex - am - ple be.
 Oh, let the bless - ed Sav - - ior



No. 103.

Arouse Ye!

H. L. H.

(TEMPERANCE)

HARRY L. BROOKS.

1. A - rouse ye! a - rouse ye! while yet it is day; The foe is be-
 2. A - rouse ye! a - rouse ye! the Lord is your might; And He will pre-

fore us in bat - tle ar - ray. A - loft hold the ban - ner, and
 serve you thro' dark-ness and light. Swift gird on the ar - mor, go

press to the fight, De - pend-ing on God who will stand by the right.
 forth to the fight, For strong is your Lead - er, He'll stand by the right.

CHORUS.

Then rouse ye in might! Go forth to the
 Then rouse ye! rouse ye! rouse ye in might! Go forth ye sol - diers of

fight, For God and for temp'rance we will stand for the right.
 Christ, to the fight!

No. 104

O Heroes Brave.

LAURA E. NEWELL.

(DECORATION DAY.)

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. A na - tion's he-roses clam-ly sleep; No war,no strife shall wak - en
2. O sol - dier boys,God on - ly knew The hearts' sad des - o - la - tion,
3. A trib - ute fair we of - fer you, Love's to-ken, free - ly giv - en';
No war, no strife

The sol-dier boys who fought and fell, With faith in God un - shaken;
When you, Co-lumbia's val-iant sons, Went forth to save the na-tion.
Here on the graves our blossoms lie, Kissed by the dews of heav-en.
With faith in God

With faith in God

CHORUS.

O he - - - roes brave, up - on each grave..... Our
O he - roes up - on each grave

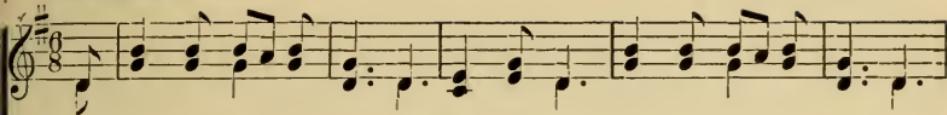
gar - lands fair are gleam-ing, With tears for you who calm-ly
Our gar-lands

rest..... A - part life's fit - ful dream - ing.
who calm - ly rest A - part

No. 105.

I Left It All With Jesus.

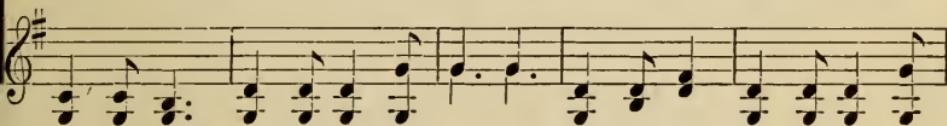
Miss ELLEN H. WILLIS.



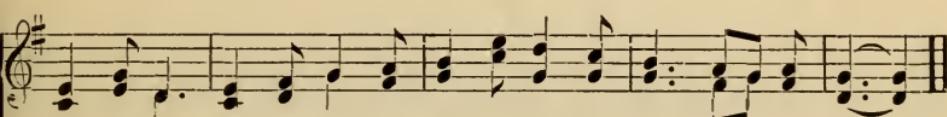
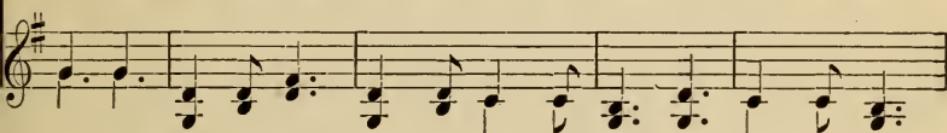
1. I left it all with Je - sns, long a-go, All my sins I brought Him
2. I leave it all with Je - sus, for He knows How to steal the bit - ter
3. I leave it all with Je - sus, day by day; Faith can firm-ly trust Him,



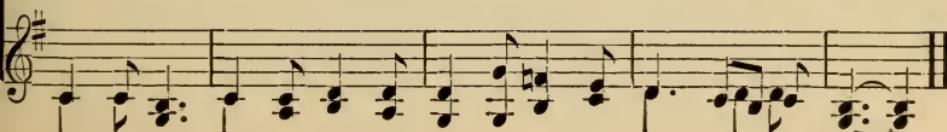
and my woe, When by faith I saw Him on the tree, Heard His small, still
from life's woes; How to gild the tear-drop with His smile, Make the des-er-t
come what may, Hope has dropped her anchor, found her rest, In the calm sure



whis-per " 'Tis for thee," From my heart the bur - den rolled a - way!
gar-den bloom a - while; When my weak-ness lean - eth on His might,
ha - ven of His breast; Love es - teems it heav - en to a - bide



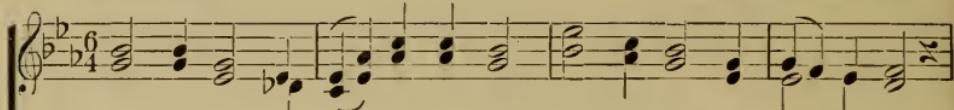
Hap - py day! From my heart the bur-den rolled a - way! Hap - py day!
All seems light; When my weakness leaneth on His might, All seems light.
At His side; Love es - teems it heav - en to a - bide At His side.



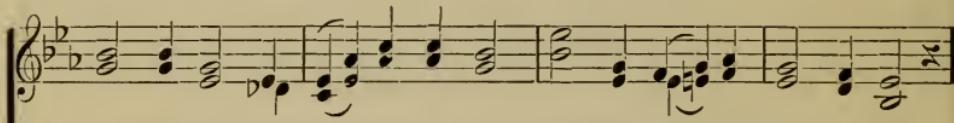
No. 106. I'll Follow Where He Leads.

LOU W. WILSON.

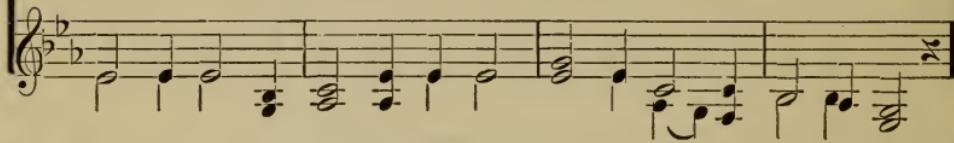
M. C. WILLIAMS.



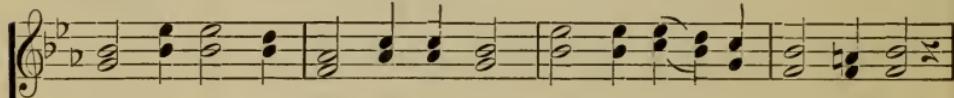
1. Where He leads me I will fol - low, E'en tho' rough the path be-fore;
2. Where He leads me I will fol - low, Ask-ing not the way to know;
3. Where He leads me I will fol - low In His foot-steps all the way;
4. Where He leads me I will fol - low; This the strength, O Lord, I crave;



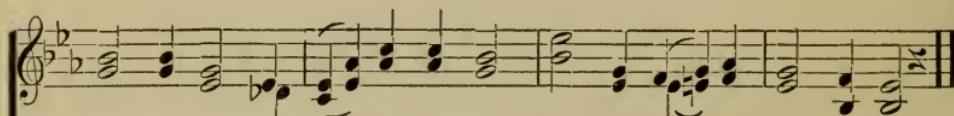
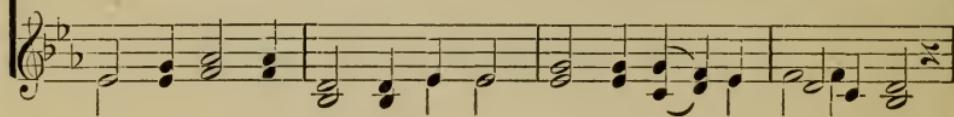
I will trust the bless - ed Sav - ior, Till the wear - ry strife is o'er.
At the Lord's com-mand I'll take me Where - so - e'er He bids me go.
Soon the con - flict will be end - ed; Soon will dawn a bet - ter day.
If Thou wilt, oh, make me use - ful, Some poor, dy-ing soul to save.



CHORUS.



Where He leads me I will fol - low, I would heed the gos - pel call;



This the watchword, pass it on-ward,—All for Je - sus, all, yes, all.



No. 107.

Angels Surround Thee.

J. H. K.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1. Look, pil-grim, wea - ry of sor - row, Be thou not tempted to sin;
 2. Look to the heav'n that is o'er thee, Mansions prepared up on high;
 3. Look, and for - get all thy sad - ness, Lay thou a - side ev - 'ry care;
 4. Look! soon you'll pass o'er the por - tal, Soon you will meet with the blest;

Look to the bliss - ful to - mor - row, See where a home you may win.
 Look to the joy that's be - fore thee, Where you for - get ev - 'ry sigh.
 Look to the day - dawn of glad-ness, Sor - row can ne'er en - ter there.
 Look! soon with bliss-ful im - mor - tals, There shall thy soul sweet-ly rest.

CHORUS.

An - gels e'er sur-round thee; Look, pil-grim, and faint thou not;
 An - gels of God e'er sur - round thee, Look, wea - ry pil - grim, and faint thou not;

Press on - ward thy jour - ney, Look up - ward to God.
 Press on thy heav - en - ly jour - ney, Look ev - er up - ward to God.

No. 108.

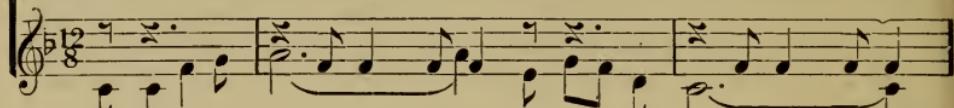
Blessed Redeemer.

Mrs. F. A. F. WOOD-WRITE.

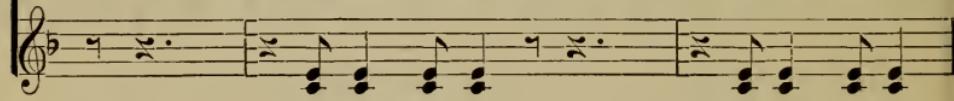
A. BEIRLY.



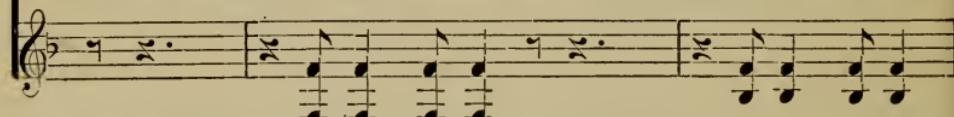
1. All praise to Thee, (all praise to Thee,) my gracious Lord,(my gracious Lord,)
2. Oh, take my life, (oh, take my life,) redeemed from sin,(redeemed from sin,)



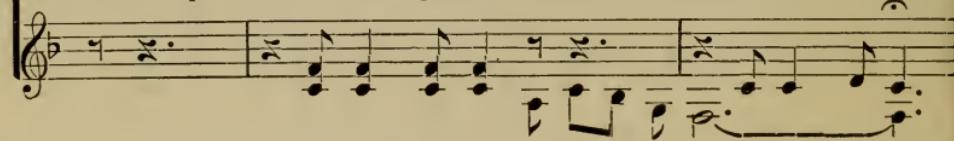
I love Thy ways,(I love Thy ways,) I love Thy Word,(I love Thy Word;) Make me all white,(make me all white,) and pure with-in; (and pure with-in;)



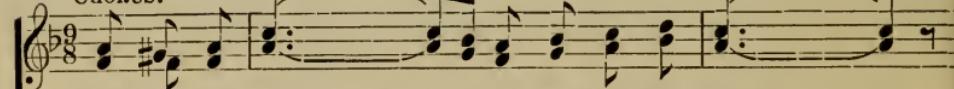
I read Thy will (I read Thy will) in ev - 'ry line, (in ev - 'ry line,) I am redeemed (I am redeemed) thro' Je-sus' blood,(thro' Jesus' blood,) And joy to own (and joy to own) that life di - vine.(that life di-vine.)



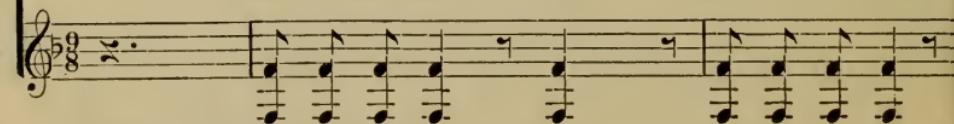
And ful - ly made(and ful - ly made) a child of God. (a child of God.)



CHORUS.



Bless - ed Re - deem - er, mer - ci - ful Friend,
Bless - ed Re - deem - er, mer - ci - ful Friend,



Blessed Redeemer.

Thou who art faith - ful un - to the end,.....
Thou who art faith - ful un - to the end,
Make me like Thee, de - vot . ed and true,.....
Make me like Thee, de - vot - ed and true,
Liv - ing or dy - ing, heav - en in view.
Liv - ing or dy - ing, heav - en in view.

No. 109.

I Am Thine.

Anon.

B.

1. Thine, Je-sus, Thine; No more this heart of mine Shall seek its joy a
2. Thine, Thine a-lone, My hope, my joy, my crown. Now earthly things may
3. Thine, ev - er Thine; For - ev - er to re - cline On love e - ter - nal,

part from Thee; The world is cru-ci - fied to me, And I am Thine.

fade and die; They claim my soul no more, for I Am Thine a - lone.

fixed and sure; Yes, I am Thine for ev - er-more; Lord Je-sus, Thine.

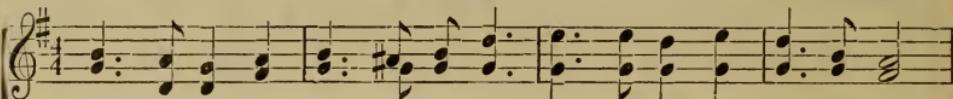
No. 110.

Hark! the Voice of Jesus.

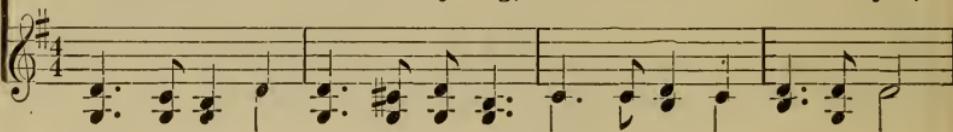
Rev. DANIEL MARCH.

(Missions)

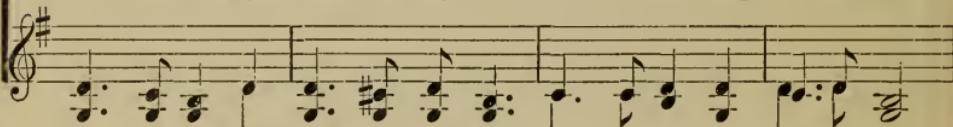
P. P. VAN ARSDALE.



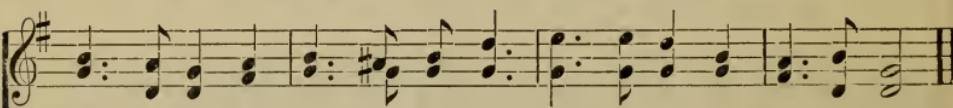
1. Hark! the voice of Je - sus calling,—Who will go and work to day?
2. If you can-not cross the o - cean, And the heath-en lands ex - plore,
3. If you can-not be the watchman, Stand-ing high on Zi - on's wall,
4. While the souls of men are dy - ing, And the Mas-ter calls for you,



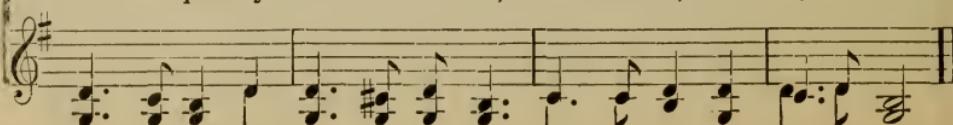
Fields are white, the har - vest waiting, Who will bear the sheaves a - way?
 You can find the heath-en near - er, You can help them at your door.
 Point - ing out the path to heaven, Of - fring life and peace to all;
 Let none hear you i - dly say - ing, "There is noth - ing I can do!"



Loud and long the Mas - ter call-eth, Rich re - ward He of - fers free;
 If you can-not give your thousands, You can give the wid - ow's mite;
 With your pray'rs and with your bounties Yon can do what Heav'n demands;
 Glad - ly take the task He gives you, Let His work your pleas-ure be;



Who will an - swer, glad - ly say - ing, "Here am I, O Lord, send me?"
 And the least you do for Je - sus, Will be pre - cious in His sight.
 You can be like faith - ful Aa - ron, Hold - ing up the prophet's hands.
 An - swer quick-ly when He call - eth, "Here am I, O Lord, send me."



No. 111. The Half has Never Been Told.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

R, E. HUDSON, by per.

1. I know I love Thee bet - ter Lord, Than an - y earth-ly joy,
2. I know that Thou art near - er still Than an - y earth-ly throng,
3. Thou hast put glad-ness in my heart; Then well may I be glad
4. O Sav - ior, pre - cious Sav-ior mine! What will Thy pres-ence be

For Thou hast giv-en me the peace Which noth-ing can de-stroy.
And sweet-er is the thought of Thee Than an-y love-ly song.
With-out the se-cret of Thy love I could not but be sad.
If such a life of joy can crown Our walk on earth with Thee?

CHORUS.

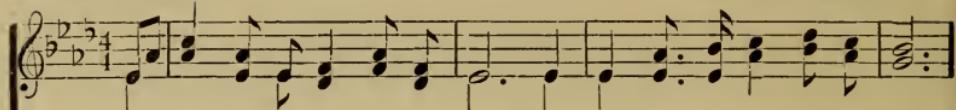
The half has nev-er yet been told, Of love so full and free;
been told,

The half has nev - er yet been told, The blood—it cleanseth me.
been told. cleanseth me.

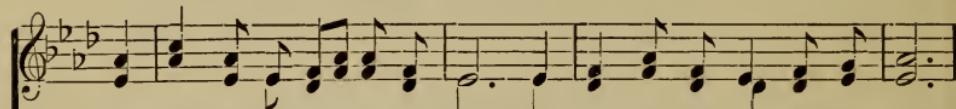
No. 112. The Rock That is Higher Than I.

E. JHONSON.

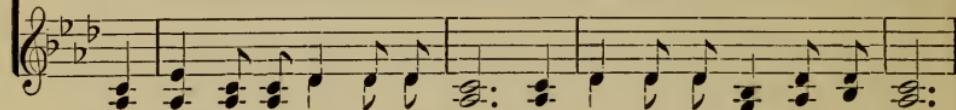
W.M. G. FISCHER, by per.



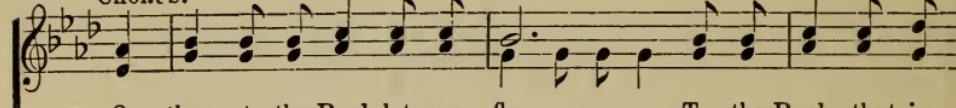
1. O, sometimes the shadows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal,
2. O, sometimes how long seems the day, And sometimes how weary my feet;
3. O, near to the Rock let me keep, If blessings or sor - rows pre-vail;



And sor-rows,sometimes how they sweep Like tempests down over the soul.
But toil - ing in life's dus-ty way, The Rock's blessed shadow,how sweet!
Or climb-ing the mountain-way steep, Or walk-ing the shad - ow - y vale.



CHORUS.

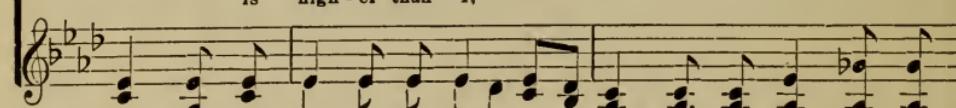


O, then, to the Rock let me fly, To the Rock that is

let me fly,

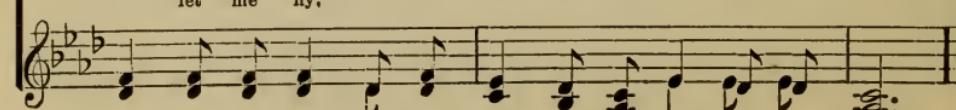


high - er than I; O, then, to the Rock let me
is high - er than I;



fly, To the Rock that is high - er than I.

let me fly.



No. 113.

Lo! He Cometh.

THOS. O. BLAIR.

I. N. MC HOSE.

1. Lo! He com - eth in the clouds of heav - en, An - gel hosts at-
 2. Earth - ly con - quer - ors, how-e'er vic - to - rious, Conquered now by
 3. See the Cit - y of our God de-scend-ing; Hark! the voic - es

tend the King of kings; Rocks are rent and graves a - sun-der riv - en,
 Him who rules a - lone, Yield their crowns to One more great and glorious,
 of the heav'ly throngs; Sin and death and hell no more con-tend-ing,

CHORUS.

Saints a-rise, and joy His coming brings.

For the thrones and kingdoms are His own. Praise Him, praise Him, all ye nations,
 Peace to Zi - on ev - er - more be-longs.

praise Him; Praise Him, crown Him, crown the Kings of kings; Praise Him, praise Him,

all ye hosts of heav - en; Praise Him, crown Him, crown the King of kings.

No. 114.

Draw Me Near Thee.

HARRIET E. JONES.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Draw me near Thee, lov-ing Sav-ior As the fleet-ing years go by;
2. While the days go fast and fast-er, Let me rest in per-fect peace,
3. While the earth is fast re-ced-ing, Draw me near and near-er still;

Hold, oh, hold me, in Thy fav-or When the even-ing shades are nigh!
 Claim-ing Thee my Lord and Mas-ter— Trust-ing Thee with-out sur-cease!
 Let me fol-low in Thy lead-ing, Till I reach fair Zi-on's hill!

CHORUS.

Draw me near..... Thee, Friend and Broth-er— Oh, I
 Draw me near Thee, Friend and Broth-er, Friend and Brother—

need..... Thee ev'-ry hour;..... Oh, sus-tain..... as can no
 Oh, I need Thee ev'-ry hour, ev'-ry hour; Oh, sus-tain as can no

Draw Me Near Thee.

oth - er: By Thy might - y sav - ing pow'r!....
oth-er, can no oth - er, By Thy might-y sav - ing pow'r,sav-ing pow'r!

No. 115.

Knocking, Knocking.

Mrs. H. B. STOWE. arr.

GEO. F. ROOT, by per.

1. Knocking, knocking, who is there? Waiting, waiting, oh, how fair!
2. Knocking, knocking, still He's there, Waiting, waiting, won-drous fair;
3. Knocking, knocking, what still there? Waiting, waiting, grand and fair;

'Tis a Pil - grim,strange and king-ly, Nev-er such was seen be - fore,
But the door is hard to o - pen, For the weeds and i - vy vine,
Yes, the pierc-ed hand still knocketh, And be-neath the crowned hair

Ah! my soul, for such a won - der, Wilt thou not un - do the door.
With their dark and cling-ing ten - drils, Ev - er round the hin - ges twine.
Beam the pat-i ent eyes, so ten - der, Of thy Sav - ior, wait - ing there.

No. 116.

O Tell Me.

Dr. A. C. W.

Dr. A. C. WOODRUFF.

1. O tell me that beau - ti - ful sto - ry, Of Je - sus, His work and His word;
 2. O teach me the way of the Mas - ter, O show me the path-way to trace;

O tell me that beau - ti - ful sto - ry, Much sweeter than mortal e'er heard.
 My feet in the vale have grown wea - ry, So far from the beau - ti - ful place.

Sing me the song of re - demp - tion, Sing of that cit - y of gold;
 Sing of the way that He walk'd in, As an ex - am - ple for me;

O sing till my soul to the mu - sic Of sweet love's re-deeming un - fold.
 The les - sons He taught in Ju - de - a, In Ca - na and sweet Gal - i - lee.

CHORUS.

O talk to me, sing to me, teach me, I must hear it a - gain and a - gain;

O Tell Me.



No. 117.

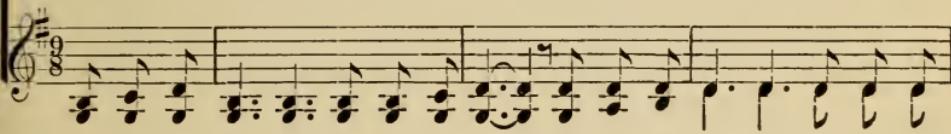
Help Me be Strong.

W. H. W.

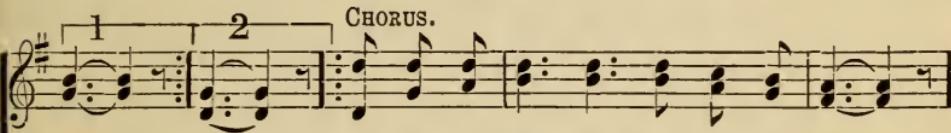
W. H. WONDER.



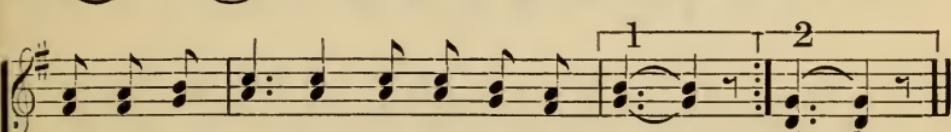
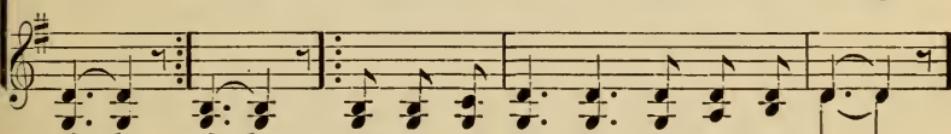
1. { Je-sus my Sav-ior, come I to Thee; Bringing my all to lay at Thy
Like un-to Thee, Christ, more would I be; Strengthen'd in soul by tempests I
2. { Je-sus my Sav-ior, help me to go Un - to Thy vine-yard, and there to
Good work to do, and good seed to sow, That it may grow in hon - or of



CHORUS.



feet; meet. { Je - sus, my Mas - ter, help me be strong,
be; Thee. Plucking the tares I march in the throng,



While it is day may I work in Thy love;
Gath'ring the sheaves for the mansions a - - - bove.

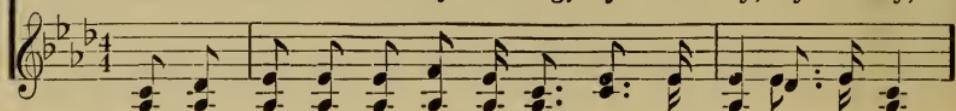


No. 118.

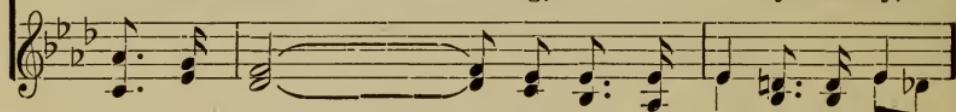
In The Morning.

Mrs. L. M. B. BATEMAN.

CHAS. K. LANGLEY.

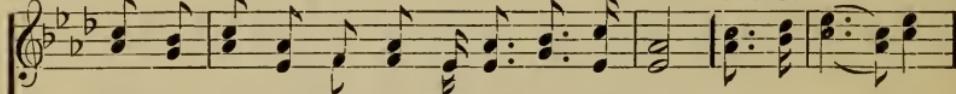


In the morn - - - ing, by and by;

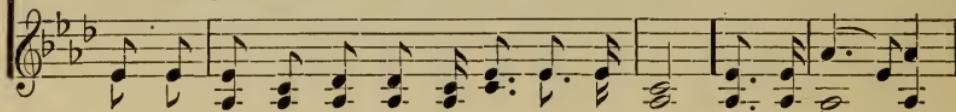


D.S.-When the gos - pel mes-sage glow-ing, O'er the world its glo - ry throwing,
 Peace,good-will to mor-tals bring-ing, All the year its ech-oes ring-ing,
 With the love of Je - sus o'er us, With the pil-grim host be-fore us,

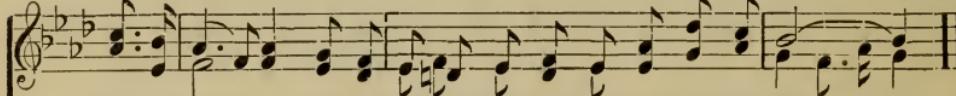
FINE CHORUS.



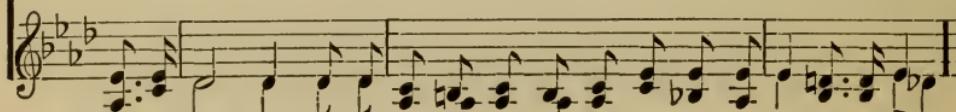
Shall the love of God be showing, By and by.
 O - ver earth with glad-ness winging, By and by. Glo-rious morn-ing,
 We shall join that heav'nly cho-rus, By and by.



D. S.



Blessed morning, Ev'ry heart shall bound with gladness, By and by;.....
 by and by;



No. 119.

Oh, Happy Day.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

J. S. FRARIS.

1. Oh, hap - py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Savior and my God!
2. Oh, hap - py bond that seals my vows To Him who merits all my love!
3. Now rest, my long di - vid - ed heart! Fixed on this blissful cen-ter, rest;

Well may this glowing heart re - joice, And tell its glo-ries all a - broad.
Let cheer-ful an - thems fill His house While to that sa-cred shrine I move.
Here have I found a no - bler part, Here heav'ly pleasures fill my breast.

REFRAIN.

Hap - py day, hap - py day,
Oh, hap - py day, oh, hap - py day, My sin and

sin and guilt washed a-way, Hap-py day,
guilt all washed a-way, Oh, hap-py day, oh, hap-py

hap - py day,
day, I'll tell thy joys, a - broad, oh, hap - py day.

No. 120.

He Liveth Again.

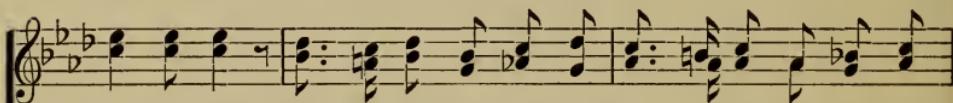
CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

Easter.

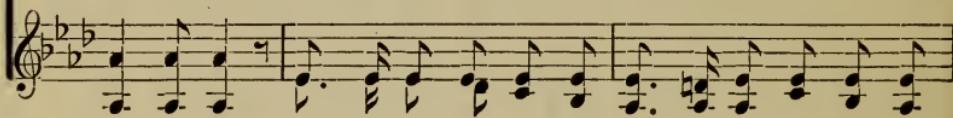
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



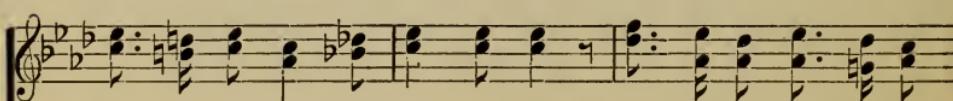
1. Forth to the grave where Je - sus lay, Anx - ious-ly went, at
 2. Hith - er on swift - ly fly - ing feet, Pe - ter made haste his
 3. Joy - ful - ly, then, His vic - t'ry sing, Praise Him, the ev - er-



break of day, Ma - ry, the faith-ful, all bur - dened with grief, Seek-ing
 Lord to greet; Hast - y im - pet - u - ous, en - tered he in Where the
 last - ing King! For He a - rose, and in tri - umph of might, He as-



com-fort in hope and be - lief; Emp - ty she found the si - lent bed;
 bod - y of Je - sus had been; "He is not here," the an - gel said;
 cend - ed to glo - ry and light; Tho' on the cross He bowed His head,



Je - sus had ris - en from the dead! O what a joy - ful and
 Je - sus had ris - en from the dead! Tho' for the sin - ner dis-
 Je - sus has ris - en from the dead! An - gels and arch-an-gels



He Liveth Again.

hap - py re - train! Sing it: "Je - sus is ris - en! He liv - eth a - gain!"
hon - ored and slain, Sing it: "Je - sus is ris - en! He liv - eth a - gain!"
ech - o the strain, Sing it: "Je - sus is ris - en! He liv - eth a - gain!"

No. 121. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

SARAH E. ADAMS.

GEORGE B. NEVIN.

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en tho' it
2. Tho' like the wan-der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be
3. There let the way ap - pesr, Steps un - to heav'n; All that Thou
4. Or if, on joy - ful wing Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon and

be a cross That rais - eth me; Still all my song shall be,
o - ver me, My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be
send- est me, In mer - cy giv'n; An - gels to beck - on me,
stars for - got, Up - ward I fly, Still all my song shall be,

Near-er,my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Near-er, to Thee!

No. 122.

Sweet Is the Promise.

IDA. L. REED.

GEO. F. ROSCHE.

1. Sweet is the prom-ise "I thy Lord am with thee, Fear not nor
2. Sweet is the prom-ise "Like un - to a fath - er, I will e'er
3. Sweet is the prom-ise "They shall dwell for - ev - er In the land

fal - ter, I will give thee aid; All thro' life's journey I will not for-
pi - ty those who trust in me, In - to my king-dom, I will sure-ly
glo-rious on that gold-en shore, His hand so lov - ing, shall their sorrows

get thee, Thou shalt dwell in safe - ty nev - er more dis - mayed."
gath - er, All my faith-ful child - ren, they my face shall see."
heal - ing, By life's crys - tal wa-ters lead them ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

Sweet is the prom-ise "I thy Lord am with thee, I will keep thee

Sweet Is the Promise.

ev - er, I will hold thy hand; Wher-e'er thou go - est I will safe - ly
guide thee, By my strength up-hold thee, help thee firm - ly stand."

No. 123. Hallelujah, What a Savior.

P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS.

1. "Man of Sor-rows," what a name For the Son of God who came,
2. Bear-ing shame and scoff - ing rude, In the place con-demned He stood,
3. Guilt - y, vile and help-less we, Spot-less lamb of God was He;
4. Lift - ed up was He to die, "It is fin-ished," was His cry,
5. When He comes, our glo - rious King, All His ran-somed home to bring,

Ru - ined sin - ners to re-claim! Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior!
Sealed my par-don with His blood; Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior!
"Full a - tone-ment!" can it be? Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior!
Now in heav'n ex - alt - ed high, Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior!
Then a - new this song we'll sing, Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior!

No. 124.

Over the Silent Sea.

J. S. F.

J. S. FEARIS.

1. Standing a - lone by the si - lent sea, Gaz - ing with tear-dimmed eye,
 2. Clos-ing my ears to the sounds of earth,Songs of the angels I hear;
 3. Cho-rus from heav - en, oh, do not cease! Beckon, ye an - gel-friends!

Sometimes I fan - cy I see the forms I loved in the days gone by.
 Voic-es float o - ver the wa - ters dark That rapture my list'ning ear.
 Bear me a - way to the home be-yond, Where pleasure and peace ne'er ends.

CHORUS.

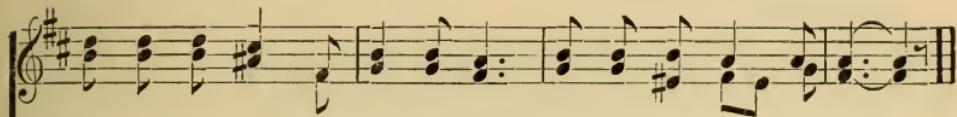
O - ver the si - lent sea, Loved ones are call-ing to me;.....
 si - lent sea, are call-ing to me;

Beau-ti-ful hands that I used to hold, Are beck-on-ing now from the gates of gold;

O - ver the si - lent sea, Loved ones are call-ing to me;.....
 si - lent sea, are call-ing to me;

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Over the Silent Sea.



Bear me a - way to yon bright shore, O - ver the si - lent sea.

No. 125.

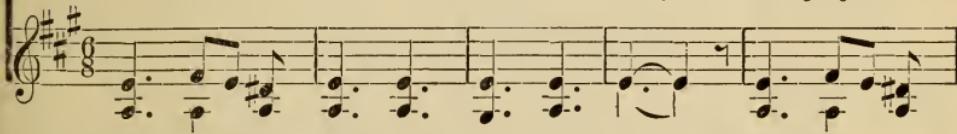
Thy Will Be Done.

C. ELLIOTT, Alt.

I. V. FLAGLER.



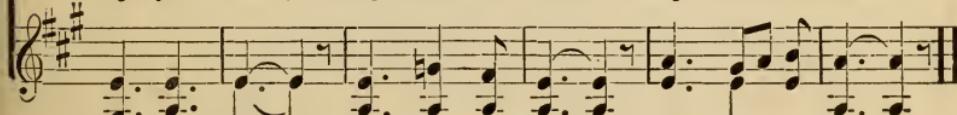
1. My God, my Fa - ther! while I stray Far from my
2. Tho' dark my path, and sad my lot, Let me be
3. Re - new my will from day to day, Blend it with
4. Then when on earth I breathe no more, The prayer oft



home, on life's rough way, Oh, teach me from my
still, and mur - mur not, But breathe the pray'r di -
Thine, and take a - way, All now that makes it
mixed with tears be - fore, I'll sing up - on a



heart to say: Thy will be done, Thy will be done.
- vine - ly taught: Thy will be done, Thy will be done.
hard to say: Thy will be done, Thy will be done.
hap - pier shore, Thy will be done, Thy will be done.



No. 126.

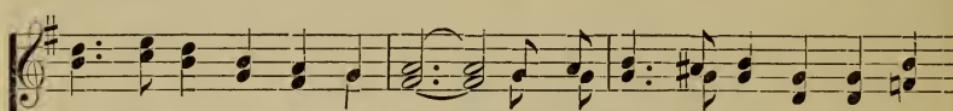
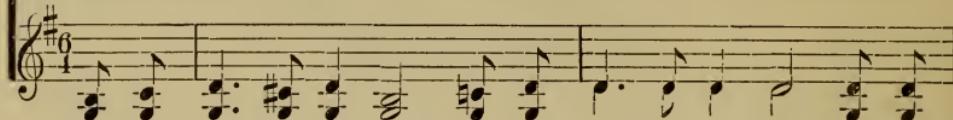
The Place I Find Rest.

W. C. HOLMES.

E. D. KECK.



1. These's a place where my soul ev - er feels a re - pose That the
2. There's a place where my Sav - ior has prom-ised to meet, And be-
3. There's a place of all oth - ers the dear - est—the best; I have
4. There's a place the most fa - vored be - neath the blue sky, Where the



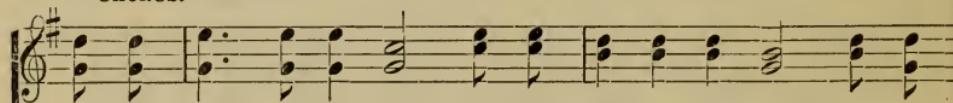
world and its joys can-not give; Where the bless - ings of heav - en their
stow what in faith I may ask; Where to work is a pleas-ure and
roamed for its e - qual in vain; But I ev - er re - turn to this
sweet- est of pas - tures a - bound; And I pray the good Lord, when my



sweet-ness dis-close, And in an - swer to pray'r I re - ceive.
serv - ice is sweet, And where du - ty is nev - er a task.
e - den of rest, With a vow that I'll ev - er re - main.
time comes to die, In this Good Shep-herd's fold I'll be found.



CHORUS.



'Tis the house of the Lord, 'tis the Christian's re - treat, Where I



The Place I Find Rest.

A musical score for three voices. The top voice has a soprano C-clef, the middle voice has an alto F-clef, and the bottom voice has a bass G-clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The music consists of four staves of four measures each. The lyrics are as follows:

oft get a glimpse of the goal; 'Tis the foot of the Cross, 'tis the
dear mer - cy seat, 'Tis the place I find rest to my soul.

No. 127. Heaven is My Home.

Scotch Melody.

A musical score for three voices in common time. The top voice has a soprano C-clef, the middle voice has an alto F-clef, and the bottom voice has a bass G-clef. The key signature is three flats (B-flat, D-flat, G-flat). The music consists of four staves of four measures each.

1. { I'm but a stranger here, Heav'n is my home;
Earth is a des - ert drear, Heav'n is my home; } Danger and sor-row stand
2. { What tho' the tempest rage? Heav'n is my home;
Short is my pil - grim-age, Heav'n is my home; } Time's cold and wintry blast
3. { Peace, O my troubled soul, Heav'n is my home;
I soon shall reach the goal, Heav'n is my home; } Swiftly the race I'll run,
4. { There, at my Savior's side, Heav'n is my home;
I shall be glo - ri - fied; Heav'n is my home; } There are the good and blest,

A musical score for three voices in common time. The top voice has a soprano C-clef, the middle voice has an alto F-clef, and the bottom voice has a bass G-clef. The key signature is three flats (B-flat, D-flat, G-flat). The music consists of four staves of four measures each.

Round me on ev -'ry hand; Heav'n is my Fa-ther-land, Heav'n is my home.
Soon will be o - ver - past; I shall reach home at last; Heav'n is my home.
Yield up my crown to none; Forward the prize is won; Heav'n is my home.
Those I loved most and best, There, too, I soon shall rest, Heav'n is my home.

A musical score for three voices in common time. The top voice has a soprano C-clef, the middle voice has an alto F-clef, and the bottom voice has a bass G-clef. The key signature is three flats (B-flat, D-flat, G-flat). The music consists of four staves of four measures each.

No. 128.

Gather the Sheaves.

EBEN E. REXEORD.

S. W. STRAUB.

1. Har - vest - er, har - vest - er, gath - er thy sheaves, The Mas - ter is
 2. Har - vest - er, har - vest - er, faith - ful to God, Go seek by the
 3. Har - vest - er, har - vest - er, loit - er no more, But think what the

com - ing this way; My heart o'er its fol - ly and i - dle-ness
 way - side and find The wheat that has grain 'mid the bram-bles that
 Master would say; Go gath - er the sheaves till the har - vest is

CHORUS.

grieves, And hours it has squandered a - way.
 nod,—The wheat for the sheaves you would bind. Gath-er, gath-er,
 o'er; Go work with the reap-ers to - day.

gath - er the sheaves, Bound in the har-vest by thee; O soul, if thy

hand hath plucked nothing but leaves,O what shall the rec - om-pense be?

No. 129.

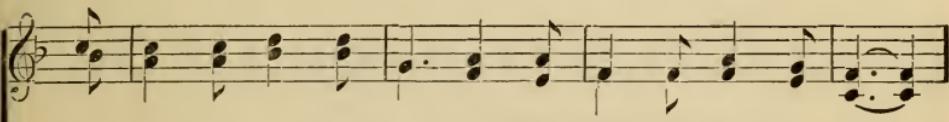
My Body, Soul and Spirit.

MARY D. JAMES.

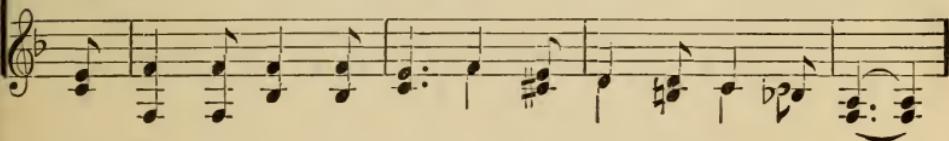
Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.



1. My bo - dy, soul and spir - it, Je - sus, I give to Thee,
 2. O Je - sus, might - y Sav - ior, I trust in Thy great name,
 3. Oh, let the fire, de - scend - ing Just now up - on my soul,
 4. I'm Thine, O bless - ed Je - sus, Wash'd by Thy cleans-ing blood;



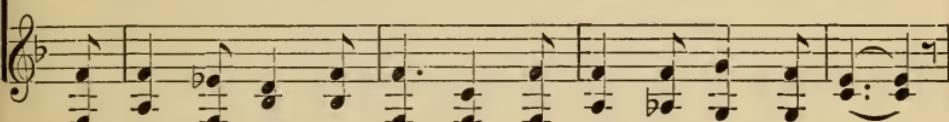
A con - se - cra - ted of - f'ring, Thine ev - er - more to be.
 I look for Thy sal - va - tion, Thy pro - mise now I claim.
 Con-sume my hnm - ble of - f'ring, And cleanse and make me whole.
 Now seal me by Thy Spir - it, A sca - ri - fice to God.



CHORUS.



My all is on the al - tar, I'm wait - ing for the fire;



Waiting, wait-ing wait - ing, I'm wait - ing for the fire.



No. 130.

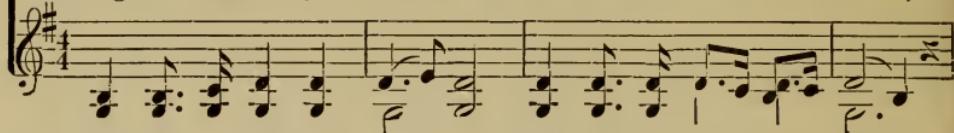
Light of the world.

JOHN S. B. MONSELL.

V. BELLINI.



1. Light of the world, we hail Thee, Flushing the east - ern skies;
2. Light of the world, Thy beau - ty Steals in - to ev - 'ry heart,
3. Light of the world, be - fore Thee We would in hom - age fall;
4. Light of the world, il - lu - mine This darken'd world of Thine,

CHO.—*Light of the world, we hail Thee, Flushing the east - ern skies;*

FINE.



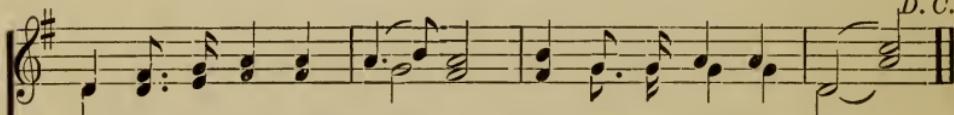
Nev-er shall dark-ness veil Thee A - gain from hu - man eyes.
 And glo - ri - fies with du - ty Life's poor - est, humblest part;
 We wor-ship, we a - dore Thee, Thou Light, the life of all;
 Till ev - 'ry - thing that's hu - man Be filled with what's di - vine:

*Nev-er shall dark-ness veil Thee A - gain from hu - man eyes.*

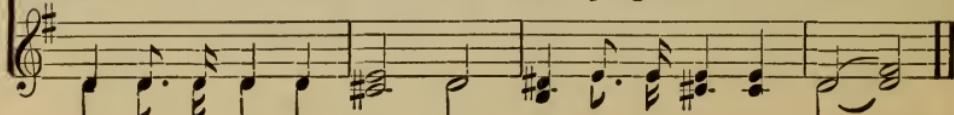
Too long, a - las, with - hold - en, Now spread from shore to shore;
 Thou rob - est in thy splen - dor The sim-ple ways of men,
 With Thee is no for - get - ting Of all Thine hand hath made;
 Till ev - 'ry tongue and na - tion, From sin's do - min - ion free,



D. C.



Thy light, so glad and gold - en, Shall set on earth no more.
 And help - est them to ren - der Light back to thee a - gain.
 Thy ris - ing hath no set - ting, Thy sun-shine hath no shade.
 Rise in the new cre - a - tion Which springs from Love and Thee.

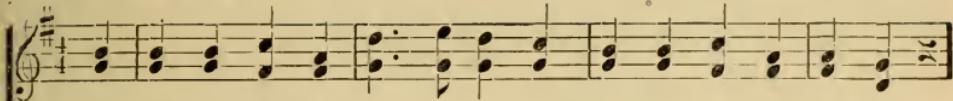


No. 131.

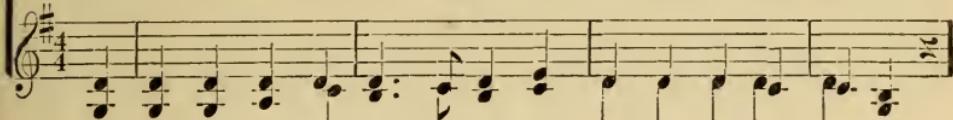
I've found a Friend.

Rev. JAMES G. SMALL.

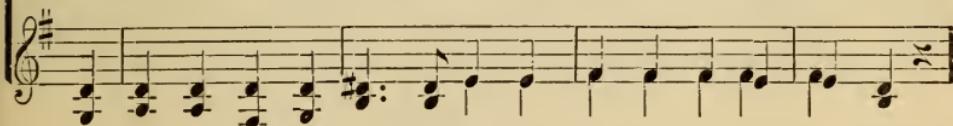
Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



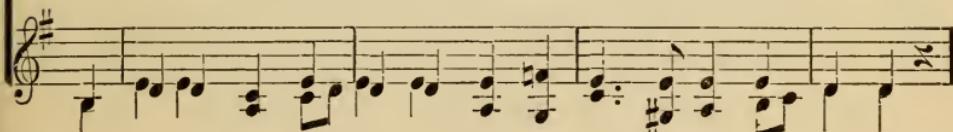
1. I've found a friend; oh, such a friend! He loved me ere I knew Him;
2. I've found a friend; oh, such a friend! He bled, He died to save me;
3. I've found a friend; oh, such a friend! So kind and true and ten - der!



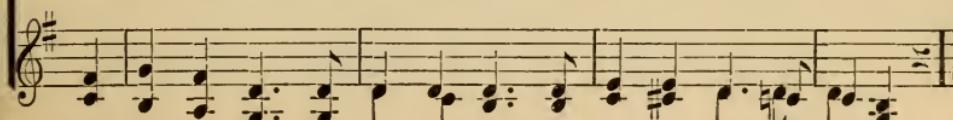
He drew me with the cords of love, And thus He bound me to Him;
 And not a - lone the gift of life, But His own self He gave me;
 So wise a Coun-sel - lor and Guide, So might-y a De - fend - er!



And round my heart still close-ly twine Those ties which naught can sever,
 Naught that I have mine own I'll call, I'll hold it for the Giv - er;
 From Him who loves me now so well What pow'r my soul shall sev-er?



For I am His, and He is mine, For ev - er and for ev - er.
 My heart, my strength, my life, my all, Are His, and His for ev - er.
 Shall life or death, shall earth or hell? No: I am His for ev - er.



No. 132. Behold Me Standing at the Door.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP.

1. Be - hold Me stand-ing at the door, And hear Me plead-ing
 2. I bore the cru - el thorns for thee; I wait - ed long and
 3. I would not plead with thee in vain; Re - mem - ber all My
 4. I bring thee joy from heav'n a - bove; I bring thee par - don,

ev - er - more, With gen - tle voice, oh, heart of sin, May I come
 pa - tient - ly: Say, wea - ry heart, oppress'd with sin, May I come
 grief and pain! I died to ran - som thee from sin, May I come
 peace and love: Say, wea - ry heart, oppress'd with sin, May I come

CHORUS.

in;—may I come in? Be - hold Me standing at the

door, And hear Me pleading ev - er - more: Say, wea - ry

heart, oppress'd with sin, May I come in;—may I come in?

No. 133.

All For Thee.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

WILLIAM G. FISCHER.

1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - cra - ted, Lord,to Thee;
 2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee;
 3. Take my sil - ver and my gold, Not a mite would I with-hold;
 4. Take my will, and make it Thine, It shall be no long - er mine;
 5. Take my love; my Lord, I pour At Thy feet its treas-ure-store;

Take my hands, and let them move At the im - pulse of Thy love.
 Take my voice, and let me sing Al-ways, on - ly, for my King.
 Take my mo-ments and my days, Let them flow in cease-less praise.
 Take my heart, it is Thine own, It shall be Thy roy - al throne.
 Take my-self, and I will be Ev - er, on - ly, all for Thee.

CHORUS.

Wash me in the Sav - ior's pre - cious blood, Cleanse me

in its pu - ri - fy - ing flood; Lord, I give to Thee my

life and all to be Thine hence-forth, e - ter - nal - ly.

No. 134.

Standing on the Promises.

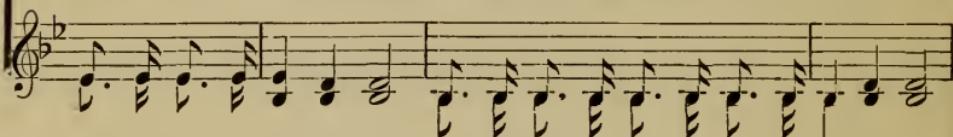
R. K. C.

R. KELSO CARTER.

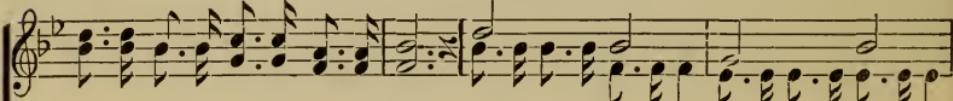
1. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of Christ my King, Thro' e - ter - nal
 2. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es that can - not fail, When the howl-ing
 3. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es I now can see Per - fect, pres-ent
 4. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of Christ the Lord, Bound to Him e -
 5. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es I can - not fall, Listening ev - 'ry



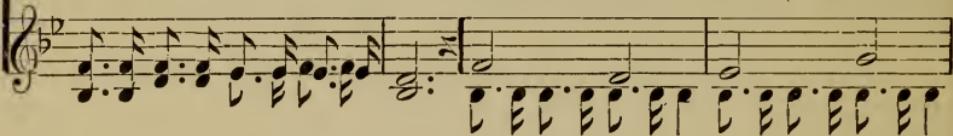
a - ges let His prais-es ring; Glo-ry in the high-est, I will shout and sing,
 storms of doutd and fears as-sail, By the liv - ing Word of God I shall pre-vail,
 cleansing in the blood for me; Standing in the liberty where Christ makes free,
 ter-nal-ly by love's strong cord, O-ver-com-ing [dai-ly with the Spirits' sword,
 moment to the Spir-it's call, Rest-ing in my Sav-ior, as my all in all,



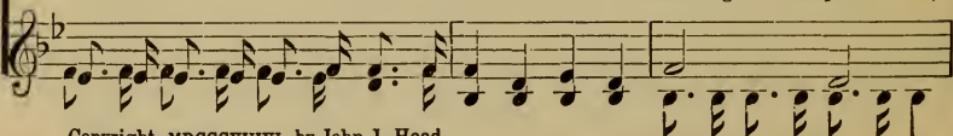
CHORUS.



Standing on the promises of God, Stand - ing, stand - ing,
 Standing on the promises, Standing on the promises,



Standing on the promis - es of God my Sav-ior; Stand - ing,
 Standing on the promis - es,



Standing on the Promises.

stand - - ing, I'm standing on the promis - es of God.
standing on the prom - is - es,

No. 135.

Glory to His Name.

Elisha A. Hoffman.

J. H. Stockton.

1. Down at the cross where my Sav - ior died, Down where for cleans-
2. I am so won - drous - ly sav'd from sin, Je - sus so sweet-
3. Oh, pre - cious fount-ain, that saves from sin, I am so glad
4. Come to this fount-ain, so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul

ing from sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood ap - plied;
ly a - bides with - in; There at the cross where He took me in;
I have en - tered in; There Je - sus saves me and keeps me clean,
at the Sav - ior's feet; Plunge in to - day and be made com - plete;

D.S.—There to my heart was the blood ap - plied;

FINE CHORUS.

D. S.

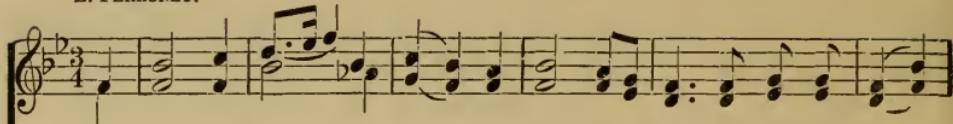
Glo - ry to His name. Glo - ry to His name, Glo - ry to His name;

Glo - ry to His name!

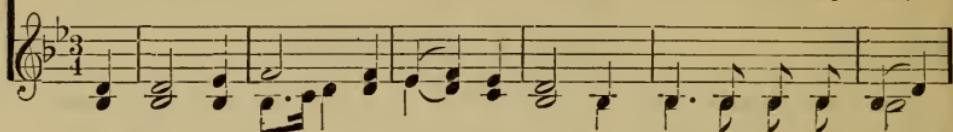
Used by yer.

No. 136. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

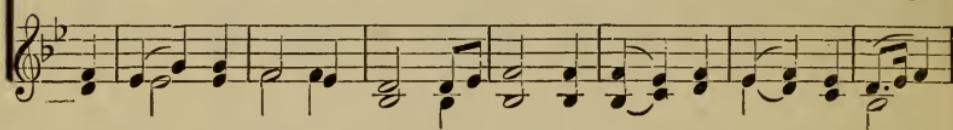
E. PERRONET.



1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall,
2. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran-somed from the fall,
3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter-res-trial ball,
4. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall,



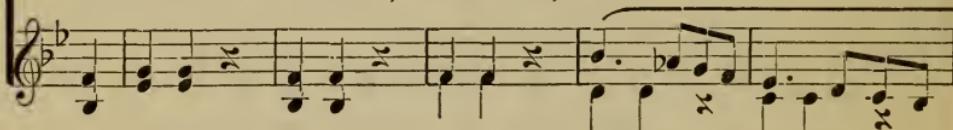
Let an - gels pros-trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem,
Ye ran-somed from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
On this ter - res - trial ball, To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe,
We at His feet may fall! We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song,



Crown Him,



And crown..... Him, And crown Him Lord of
And crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him, crown



crown Him,



all, crown Him; And crown Him Lord of all!



crown..... Him; And crown Him

Addenda.

Consisting of Secular Songs for Entertainments
and other purposes.

No. 137.

Gomin' Thro' the Rye.

ROBERT BURNS.

1. If a bod - y meet a bod - y, Com-in' thro' the rye,
2. If a bod - y meet a bod - y, Com-in' frae the town,
3. Amang the train there is a swain I dear - ly love my - sel'; But

If a bod - y kiss a bod - y, Need a bod - y cry?
If a bod - y greet a bod - y, Need a bod - y frown?
what's his name, or where's his hame, I din - na choose to tell.

Ev - 'ry las - sie has her lad - die, Nane, they say, ha'e I,

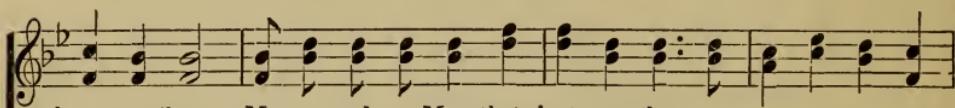
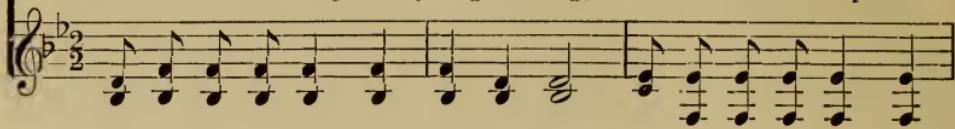
Yet a' the lads they smile on me, When com-in' thro' the rye.

No. 138. Mary and a Martha's Just Gone 'Long.

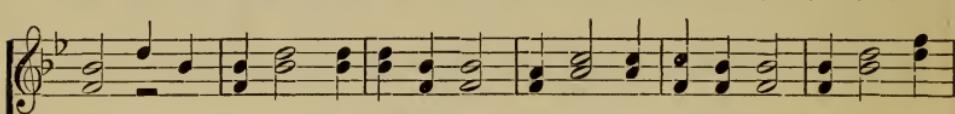
Slave Song. Arr. by GEO. B. NEVIN.



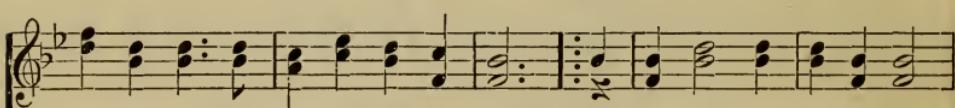
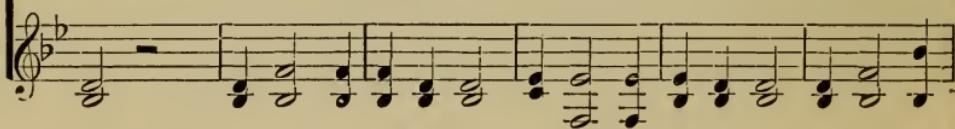
1. Ma - ry and a Mar - tha's just gone 'long, Ma - ry and a Mar - tha's
2. Preacher and the el - der's just gone 'long, Preacher and the el - der's
3. Fa-ther and a moth-er's just gone 'long, Fa-ther and a moth-er's
4. Meth-o - dist and Bap-tist's just gone 'long, Meth-o - dist and Bap-tist's



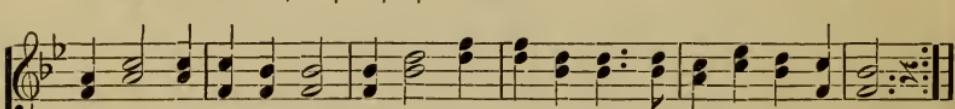
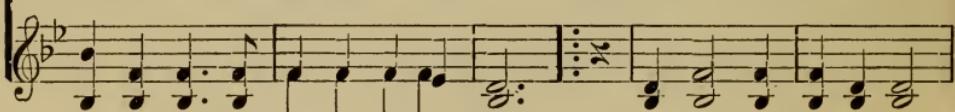
just gone 'long, Ma - ry and a Mar - tha's just gone 'long,
just gone 'long, Preacher and the el - der's just gone 'long, To ring those charming
just gone 'long, Fa-ther and a moth-er's just gone 'long,
just gone 'long, Meth-o - dist and Bap-tist's just gone 'long,



bells, Cry-ing: Free grace and dying love, Free grace and dying love, Free grace and



dying love; To ring those charming bells. Oh, 'way o - ver Jordan, Lord,



'Way o - ver Jor-dan, Lord, 'Way o-ver Jor-dan, Lord, To hear those charming bells.

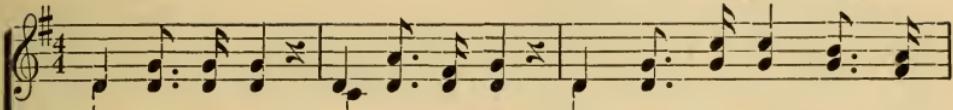


No. 139.

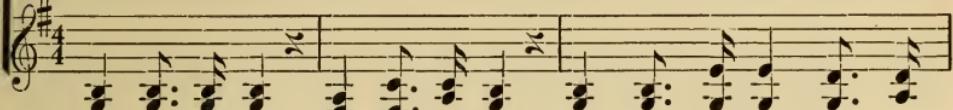
Wedding Bells.

WM. APPEL.

Arr. from Wagner for this work.



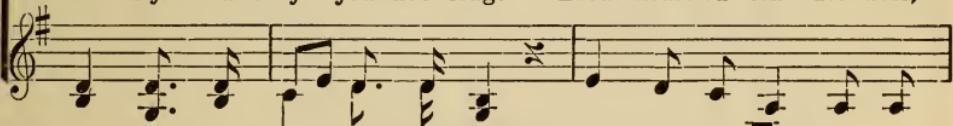
1. Sweet wedding bells cheer-ful - ly ring, May their sweet strain ben - e-
 2. Sweet wedding bells cheer-ful - ly ring, Bear - ing good will to the
 3. Sweet wedding bells cheer-ful - ly ring, Chant - ing an an - them har-



dic - tion be-tide, Blest brid - al pair, hap - py and fair, Un - ion and
 loved brid-al pair, Hon - or and love born from a - bove Bright-en the
 mon'ous and strong, Sweet-ly they toll, loud - ly they ring, May you do



har - mo - ny ev - er a - bide. Broad-heart-ed ten - der - ness,
 fu - ture and per - fume the air. Broad-heart-ed ten - der - ness,
 no - bly and may you live long. Broad-heart-ed ten - der - ness,

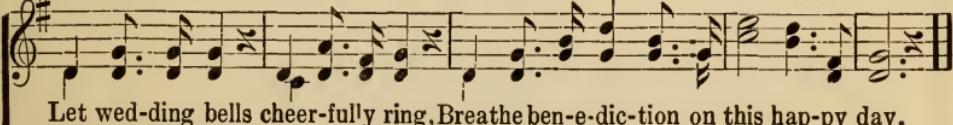


bless - ing and love Hov - er for - ev - er your hearthstone a - bove.

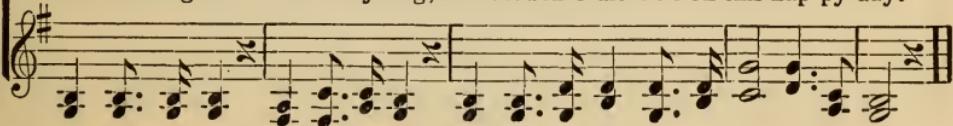


REFRAIN.

rit.



Let wed-ding bells cheer-fully ring, Breathe ben-e-dic-tion on this hap-py day.



No. 140.

The Star-Spangled Banner.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.



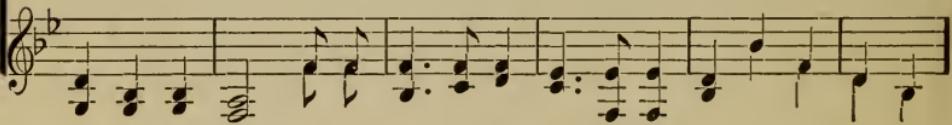
1. Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's ear-ly light, What so proudly we
 2. On the shore dim-ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty
 3. Oh, thus be it ev - er when free-men shall stand Be - tween their loved



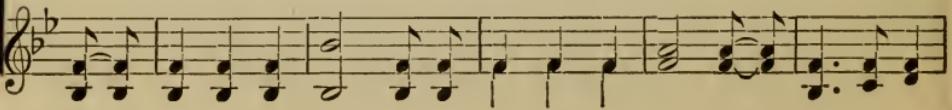
hailed at the twilight's last gleaming? Whose broad stripes and bright stars thro' the host in dread si - lence re - pos - es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the homes and the war's des - o - la - tion; Blest with vic-t'ry and peace, may the



per - il - ous fight,O'er the ram-parts we watched, were so gal-lant-ly streaming; tow - er-ing steep, As it fit - ful - ly blows, half con-ceals, half dis-clos-es? heav'n-res-cued:and Praise the Pow'r that hath made and pre-served us a na-tion!

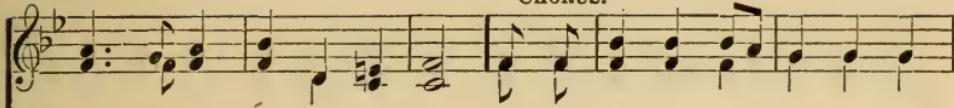


And the rock-et's red glare, the bombs bursting in air, Gave proof thro'the Now it catch-es the gleam of the morn-ing's first beam, In full glo - ry re- Then con - quer we must, when our cause it is just, And this be our

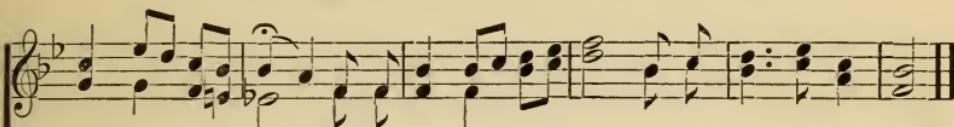
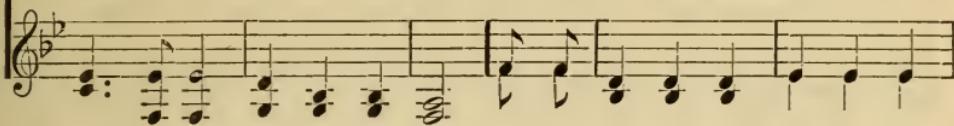


The Star-Spangled Banner.

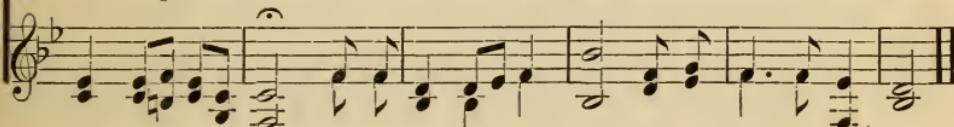
CHORUS.



night that our flag was still there. Oh, say, does the Star-span-gled
flect - ed, now shines on the stream; 'Tis the Star-span-gled Ban - ner; oh,
mot - to: "In God is our trust!" And the Star-span-gled Ban - ner in



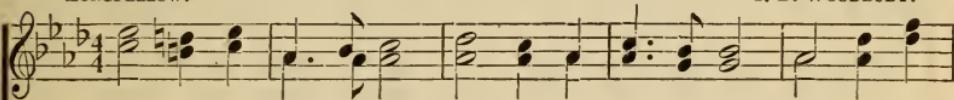
Ban - ner yet wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?
long may it wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.
tri - umph shall wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.



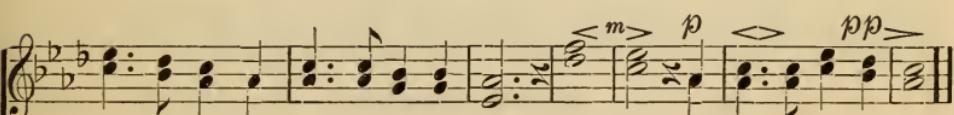
No. 141. Stars of the Summer Night.

LONGFELLOW.

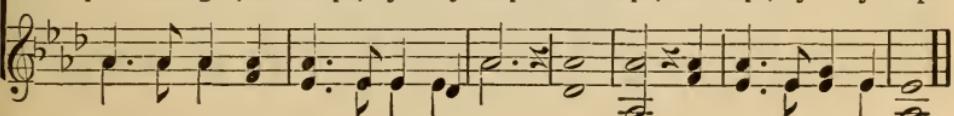
I. B. WOODBURY.



1. Stars of the sum-mer night! Far in yon az - ure deeps, Hide, hide your
2. Moon of the sum-mer night! Far down yon west-ern steeps, Sink, sink in
3. Wind of the sum-mer night! Where yonder woodbine creeps, Fold, fold your



gold - en light; She sleeps, my la-dy sleeps! She sleeps, she sleeps, my la-dy sleeps!
si - lent light; She sleeps, my la-dy sleeps! She sleeps, she sleeps, my la-dy sleeps!
pin - ions light; She sleeps, my la-dy sleeps! She sleeps, she sleeps, my la-dy sleeps!



No. 142.

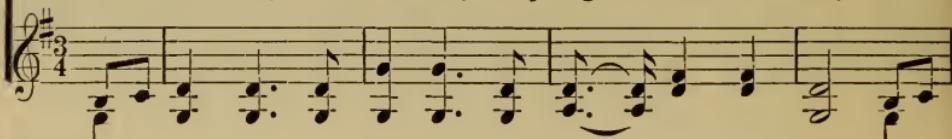
O May, at Thy Coming.

Tr. by W. J. HOGAN.

F. SILCHER.



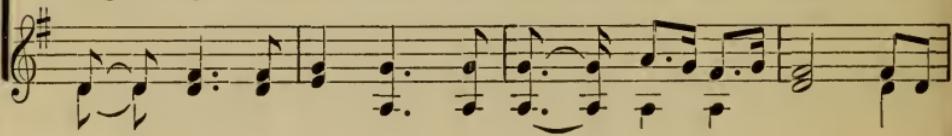
1. O May, at thy com-ing, the for-est smiles with bloom, Let
2. Kind fa - ther, dear moth-er, to heav-en I com-mend; Who
3. Up then and a - way while the sun bright-ly shines, Up
4. To wan - der, to wan - der, the young man's fond de - sire; O



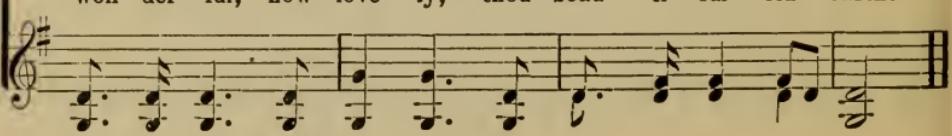
who will that likes it, stay cooped up in a room; Like the
know - eth, in wan-dring, what for - tune may send? There
o - ver mount - ain, down where the deep-est vale de - clines; The
quench-less flame en - kin-dled from na - ture's own fire; In



clouds sail - ing free - ly, to all winds un - furled, So
are so ma - ny high - ways o'er which I've not roved, There
fount - ains are tink - ling, the for - est gai - ly rings, My
sing - ing and shout - ing the heart re - veals its mirth, How



do I long to wan - der through-out the wide, wide world.
are so ma - ny things which I nev - er yet have proved.
heart is like a sky - lark, that mount - ing up - ward sings.
won - der - ful, how love - ly, thou beau - ti - ful old earth!



No. 143.

The Linden Tree.

Tr. by J. H. KUHLMANN.

FRANZ SCHUBERT. Arr. by G. F. R.

1. Be - side the well-curb yon - der, There stands a lin - den tree, Be -
 2. Last night a - gain I wan-dered Where its long shad - o w lies, And
 3. The cold winds blew a - bout me, I mind - ed not their blast, For

neath whose shadows often Sweet dreams have come to me. There ma - ny a loving
 there in deep-est dark-ness I stood and closed my eyes. Lo, through the branches
 o - ver-head were speaking The voic - es of the past. Now ma - ny miles di -

let - ter I carved in - to its side, And there, in joy and
 whispered A voice that seemed to say: Come hith - er, com - rade,
 vide me From that be - lov - ed tree, But still the branches

sor - row, My heart doth still a - bide, My heart doth still a - bide.
 hith - er, And find thy rest for aye, And find thy rest for aye.
 mur - mur; Here, here is rest for thee, Here, here is rest for thee.

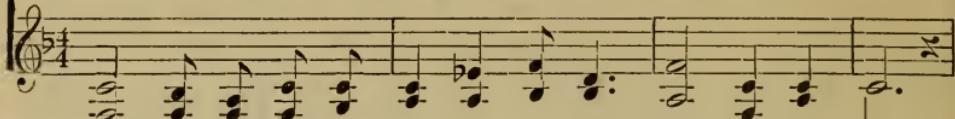
No. 144.

The Old Folks at Home.

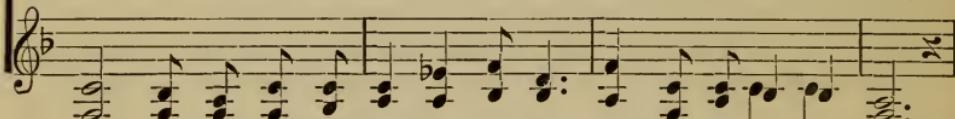
Arr. for this Work.



1. Way down up - on the Swa - nee riv - er, Far, far a way,
2. All round the lit - tle farm I wand'red, When I was young,
3. One lit - tle hut a - mong the bush-es, One that I love,



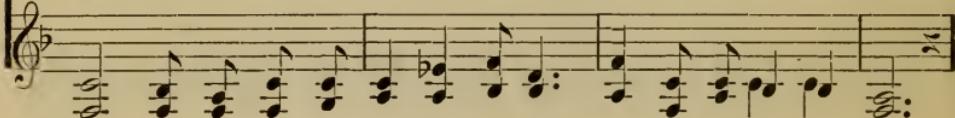
There's where my heart is turn-ing ev - er, There's where the old folks stay;
There ma - ny hap - py days I squandered, Ma - ny the songs I sung;
Still sad - ly to my mem'ry rush - es No mat-ter where I rove;



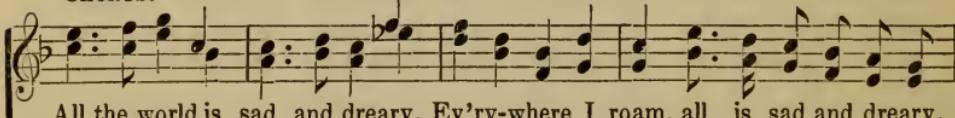
All up and down the whole cre - a - tion, Sad - ly I roam,
When I was play - ing with my broth-er, Hap - py was I;
When will I see the bees a - hum-ming, All round the comb?



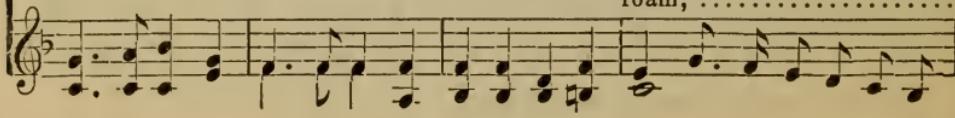
Still long - ing for the old plan - ta-tion, And for the old folks at home.
O, take me to my kind old mother, There let me live and die.
When will I hear the ban - jo tumming, Down in my old sunny home?



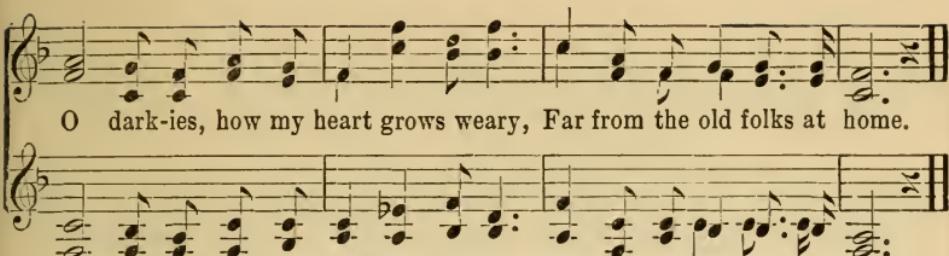
CHORUS.



All the world is sad and dreary, Ev'ry-where I roam, all is sad and dreary,
roam,



The Old Folks at Home.



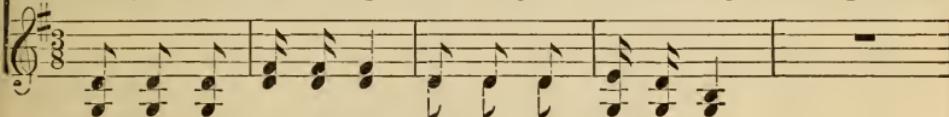
O dark-ies, how my heart grows weary, Far from the old folks at home.

No. 145. Over the Summer Sea.

VERDI.



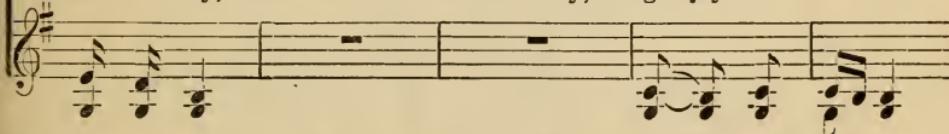
1. O - ver the sum-mer sea, With light hearts gay and free, Join'd by glad
2. List, to my round-de-lay As we glide on our way; Ne'er will my
3. Hark, there's a bird on high, Far in yon a - zure sky, Fling-ing sweet



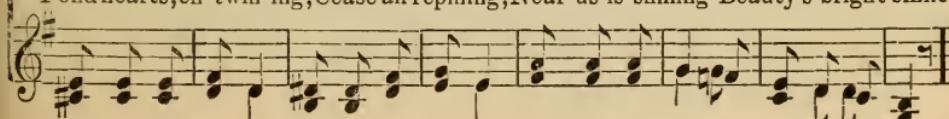
min-strel-sy, Gay - ly we're roaming; Swift flows the rippling tide; Lightly the
love de - cay, Ne'er will I leave thee; While o'er the waters deep; Now our oars
mel - o - dy, Each heart to gladden; And its song seems to say, "Banish dull



zeph-yrs glide; Round us, on ev - 'ry side, Bright crests are foam - ing.
gai - ly sweep, True in the time they keep, What can grieve thee?
care a - way; Nev - er let sor - row stay, Bright joys to sad - den."



Fond hearts, en-twin-ing, Cease all repining; Near us is shining Beauty's bright smile.

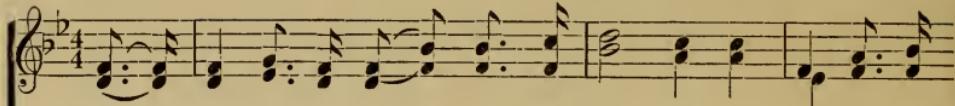


No. 146.

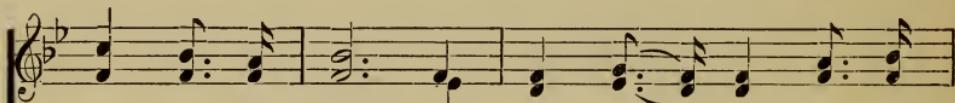
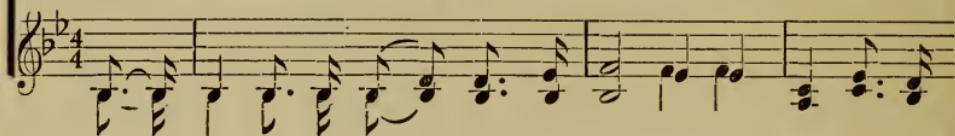
The Little Brown Church.

W.M. S. P.

W.M. S. PITTS. Arr. by Geo. F. Rosche.



There's a church in the val - ley by the wild - wood, No lov - li - er
 2. How sweet on a bright Sab - bath morn - ing, To list to the
 3. There, close by the church in the val - ley, Lies one that I



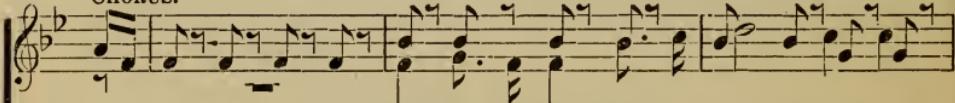
place in the dale, No spot is so dear to my
 clear ring - ing bell; Its tones so sweet - ly are
 lov - ed so well; She sleeps, sweet - ly sleeps 'neath the



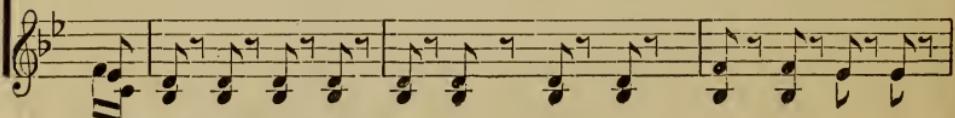
child - hood As the lit - tle brown church in the vale.
 call - ing, O come to the church in the vale
 wil - low, Dis - turb not her rest in the vale.



CHORUS.



Come to the church by the wild - wood, O
 O come, come, come, come, come, come. come, come, come, come, come.



The Little Brown Church.

come to the church in the vale; No spot is so
come, come, come, come, come, come; dear to my child - hood As the lit-tle brown church in the vale.

No. 147. We Are All Noddin',

Favorite Glee.

f > , *pp*, > *f* >

1. We are all nod - din', nid, nid, nod - din', We are all nod - din', and
2. We are all nod - din', nid, nid, nod - din', We are all nod - din', and

rit. FINE

drop - ing off to sleep. To keep us a - wake we have all done our
drop - ing off to sleep. The hour it is late, we'll no long - er de -

D. C.

best, But we're wea - ry and heav - y, so home to our rest;
- lay, But we'll take our hats and bonnets, and quick - ly a - way;

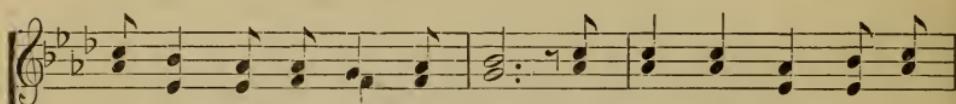
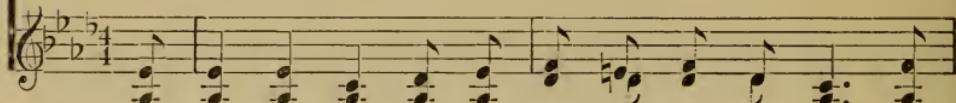
No. 148.

My Old Kentucky Home.

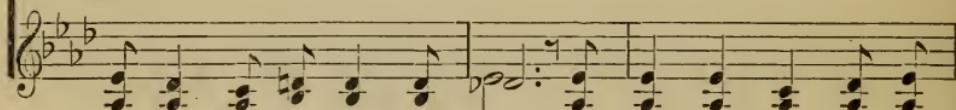
STEPHEN C. FOSTER.



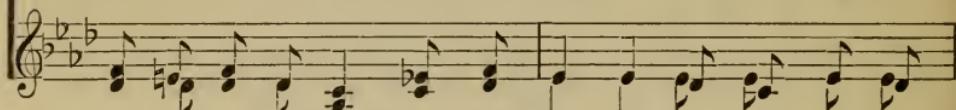
1. The sun shines bright in the old Ken - tuck - y home, 'Tis
 2. They hunt no more for the 'pos - sum and the coon, On the
 3. The head must bow and the back will have to bend, Wher-



sum-mer—the dark - ies are gay; The corn - top's ripe and the
 mead-ow, the hill, and the shore. They sing no more by the
 ev - er the dark - ies may go; A few more days and the



mead-ow's in the bloom, While the birds make mu - sic all the
 glim - mer of the moon, On the bench by the old ca - bin
 troub - le all will end, In the fields where the su - gar - canes



day. The young folks roll on the lit - tle ca - bin floor, All
 door. The day goes by like a shad-ow o'er the heart, With
 grow. A few more days for to tote the wea - ry load, No



My Old Kentucky Home.

mer - ry, all hap - py and bright, By'em by hard times comes a-
sor - row where once was de - light; The time has come when the
mat - ter, 'twill nev - er be - light; A few more days till we

knocking at the door, Then my old Ken - tuck - y home, good-night.
dark - ies have to part, Then my old Ken - tuck - y home, good-night.
tot - ter on the road, Then my old Ken - tuck - y home, good-night.

CHORUS.

Weep no more, my la - dy, oh, weep no more, to - day!

We will sing one song for the old Ken - tuck - y home,

For the old Ken - tuck - y home, far a - way.

No. 149. The Dearest Spot is Home.

WRIGHTON. Arr. by GEO. F. ROSCHE.

A musical score for piano, showing two staves. The top staff uses a treble clef and the bottom staff uses a bass clef. The key signature is one flat. Measures 11 and 12 are shown, with measure 12 ending on a half note.

D.C.1.The dear- est spot on earth to me Is home, sweet home; The
2.I've taught my heart the way to prize My home, sweet home; I've
sweet home;

A musical score for 'The Star-Spangled Banner' in G major and common time. The melody begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a time signature of 4/4. The first eight measures show a repeating pattern of eighth-note chords (G, B, D) followed by a sixteenth-note chord (E). Measures 9 through 12 show a descending melodic line from E down to A, ending with a half note on A.

fair - y - land I've longed to see Is home, sweet home.
learned to look with lov - er's eyes On home, sweet home.
Is home.

Is home.

FINE.

A musical score page featuring two staves of music. The top staff uses a treble clef and the bottom staff uses a bass clef. Measures 11 and 12 are shown, ending with a double bar line and repeat dots at the end of measure 12.

A musical score for piano, showing two staves. The top staff uses a treble clef and the bottom staff uses a bass clef. Both staves are in common time. Measure 11 consists of eighth-note chords: G major (G-B-D), E major (E-G-C), A major (A-C-E), and D major (D-F-A). Measure 12 begins with a half note (B) on the bass staff, followed by a quarter note (F#) on the treble staff, a half note (G) on the bass staff, and a quarter note (C) on the treble staff.

There how charmed the sense of hear - ing, There where hearts are
There where vows are tru - ly plight - ed, There where hearts are

D. C. 1st stanza.

D. C. 1st stanza.

so en-dear-ing, All the world is not so cheer-ing, As home, sweet home.
so u - nit - ed, All the world be-sides I've slighted, For home sweet home.

A musical staff in common time (indicated by a 'C') and G clef. The first measure begins with a quarter note followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The notes are grouped by vertical bar lines, creating a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes followed by sixteenth notes.

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